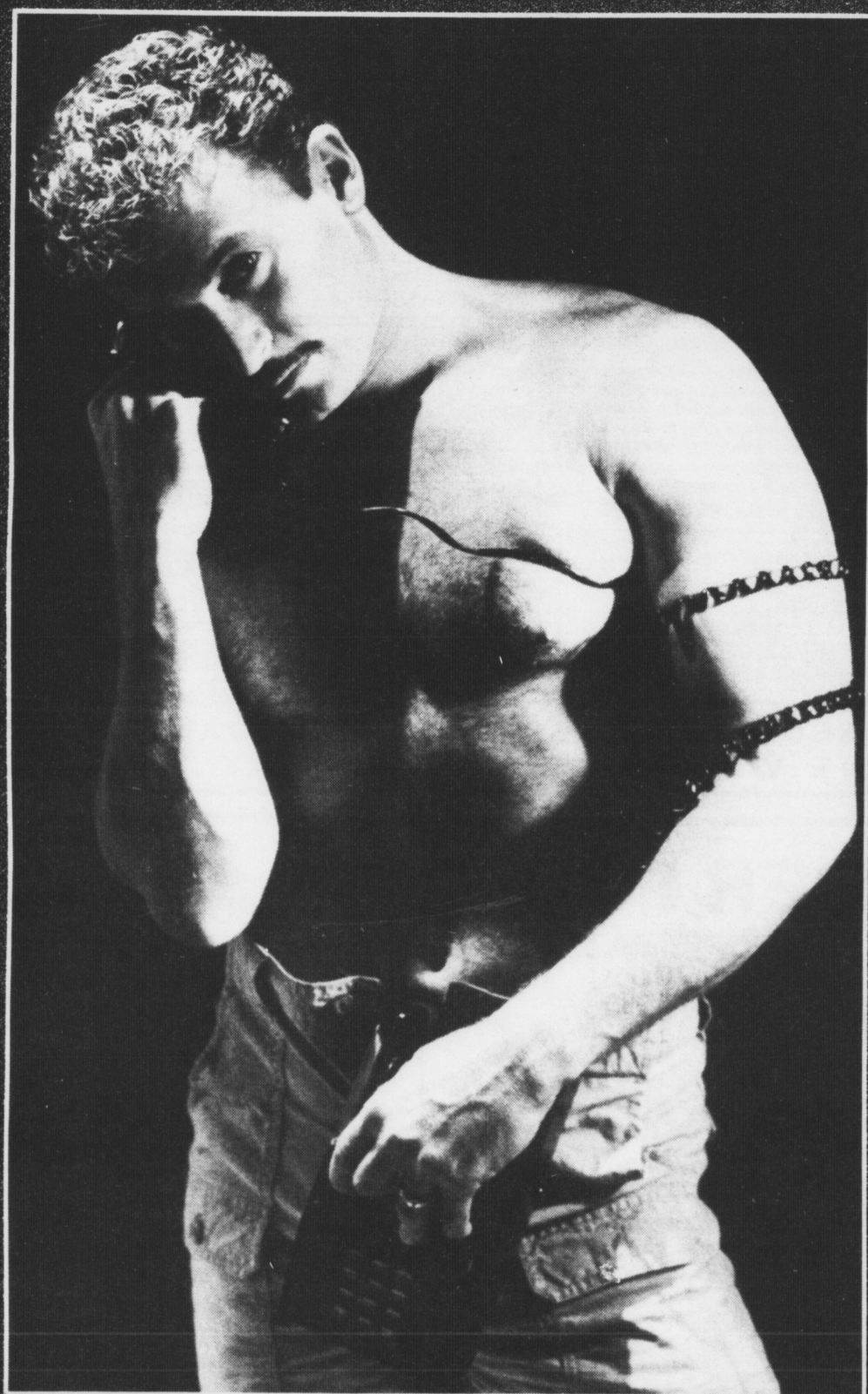


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BAY AREA REPORTER

VOL. XVIII NO. 6 FEBRUARY 11, 1988

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Agnos Rebukes S.F. Olympics Bid

Britt Resolution Likely To Pass; Kopp Says Games Boost Bay Area

by Miranda Kolbe

On the 100th anniversary of the Olympic Games in 1996, the roar of the crowd will probably be heard only over television and radios in San Francisco. Despite a move by the Bay Area Sports Organizing Committee to host the games here, the Olympics will likely not be coming to San Francisco.

(Continued on page 2)



Quentin Kopp testifies before a Board of Supervisors' committee on behalf of the Olympics (Photo: Rink)

Neighbors Defend Gay Victim

Ask Why Sympathy For Accused Killer Not Victim?

by Jay Newquist

The neighbors of a 52-year-old gay man have come forward to refute claims that he violently attacked the sister of a teenage boy who later killed him. The neighbors say George Smoot was well known and liked in his neighborhood.

Smoot was stabbed to death on his own porch last November. The suspect in the killing has turned out to be the subject of a much-publicized sexual assault with a broom handle two months earlier in a hazing incident at McAteer High School.

The alleged assailant has been charged with manslaughter and possession of a deadly weapon. If convicted, the maximum penalty could be eight years in the California Youth Authority.

What transcends the case is the youth's own victimization in a locker room assault as well as the deep concern by Smoot's predominantly straight neighbors that the dead man not take a bum rap. They spoke up for Smoot's good character.

"This reaction is a totally unique outpouring of concern by George Smoot's neighbors who didn't believe he was capable of attacking the suspect's sister," said Randy Schell of Community United Against Violence.

A spokesman for Smoot's neighbors, Schell, disputed claims the underage suspect killed Smoot because the victim had attacked the suspect's sister. The Lockheed engineer died of stab wounds at San Francisco General Hospital.

Schell said Smoot's neighbors were upset by the lack of information they had received about the case, referring to the lid placed over the affair because the suspect is underage.

Schell added that police had met with a group of Smoot's neighbors to clear the air and assure the accurate flow of information despite the delicate nature of the case.

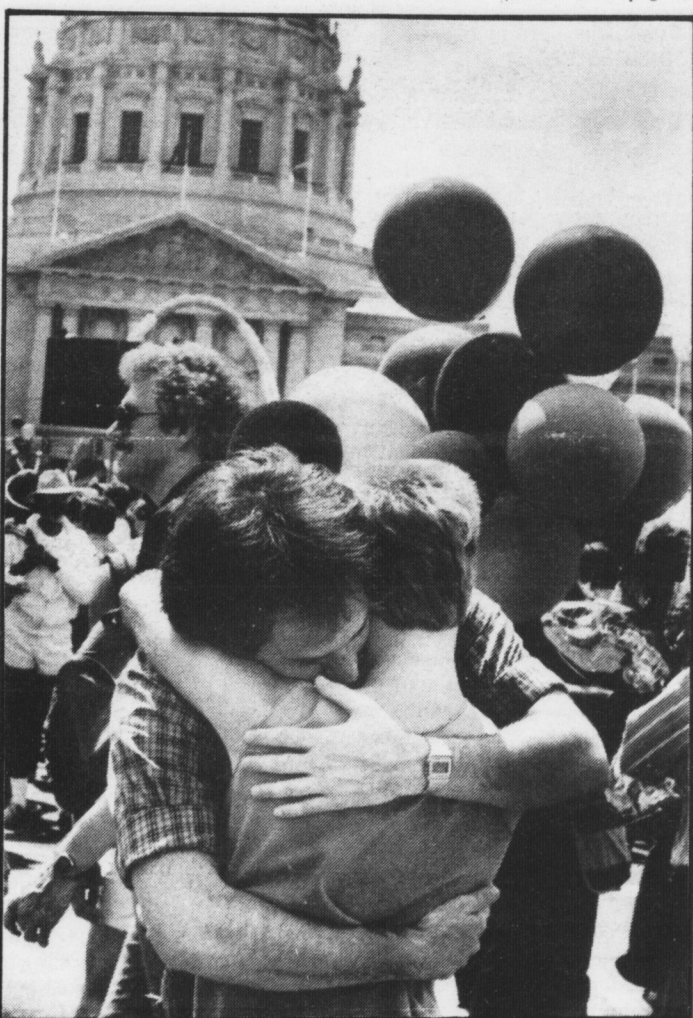
The suspect had a pre-trial

hearing on Feb. 2 where Superior Court Judge Daniel Weinstein released him to his parents' custody. Judge Weinstein recommended psychotherapy for the suspect arising from both the hazing assault and the stress of the brutal crime.

Schell continued that Smoot's neighbors did not believe their neighbor was a protagonist in a choking incident that took place at the 12-year-old sister's home. Smoot lived just two doors away.

Schell stipulated that the suspect had in the past done odd jobs around Smoot's house. He said that there was no sexual relationship between the two men. Some reports have indicated that

(Continued on page 2)



(Photo: R. Pruzan)



Today

Don't Know What To Do For Valentine's Day? Allen White does. See the story on page 3. **Condom Courtesy:** Mary Richards has the story on National Condom Week on page 15.

Looking For Love? If you don't know what you want, how will you find it? See Dennis McMillan's answers on page 12 and 13. **Men Behind Bars:** For the scoop on past efforts and this year's extravaganza, see page 25.

Rewrite the Script: For the story on the self-healing support group that channels love into life see page 21.

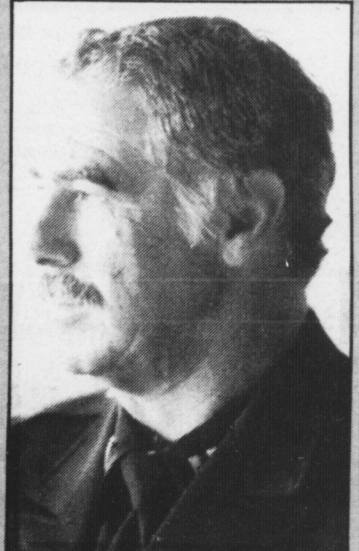


Macia Retires From SFPD

Credited With Improving Relations Between Community, Police

by Allen White

The retirement Friday, Feb. 5, of Deputy Police Chief Vic Macia is being viewed by many as a loss for the gay community. Macia was highly praised for his ability to turn around Mission Station at a time when it was under extreme pressure because of homophobic actions and anti-gay violence by police officers.



Vic Macia (Photo: Rink)

(Continued on page 2)

B.A.R. OFFICES WILL BE CLOSED PRESIDENT'S DAY - MONDAY, FEB. 15
CLASSIFIED AD DEADLINE WILL BE 5 P.M. FRIDAY, FEB. 12

This Paper in Two Sections

Teachers Harassed At S.F. High School By Other Teachers

by Allen White

Reports surfaced last week of letters being sent to gay school teachers at San Francisco's Wilson High School by a group calling themselves the Wilson Straight Educators, Inc. Black and Hispanic administrators and teachers at the school are also being subjected to the hate letters.

Wilson High School Principal Elvira Dundy criticized the reports, saying, "They have raised issues which were first raised in October." She said that the problems are now several months old.

"I wish they had talked to me

before they talked to the press," she said of statements that have come from school board member JoAnne Miller. Miller was reported to have said "The staff is being torn up and pitted against each other in our lowest achieving school. Surely, our students



Students gather outside Woodrow Wilson High School

(Photo: S. Savage)

deserve more than this."

Dundy said that there is an ongoing investigation by School Superintendent Ramon Cortines. She said there has already been a substantial effort to address the issues which have recently surfaced. She said the counseling department of the school has worked with the teaching staff of the school and "since that time we have seen a great improvement."

Though the majority of the problems appeared to be racist in content, the gay teachers were also the subject of an anonymous letter writing campaign. One school teacher received a letter following his participation in the

March on Washington last October. He was told, "Not all teachers at Wilson approved of your visit. Many feel that you and your organization have only one thing on your mind and it is found between the legs."

It has also been learned that one of the letters sent from the school was a personal attack on Cortines.

Cortines is scheduled to meet with the teachers who have been the target of the remarks. Spokespersons at the Board of Education stated that Cortines was now personally directing an investigation of these incidents. Regarding the letters Cortines said they were not "professionally healthy for the school." A copy

of the district's policy forbidding discrimination has been sent to all teachers at the school.

School teachers at Wilson High School have also sent a letter to Cortines. In the letter they said, "We are of the opinion that these letters are cowardly acts perpetrated by a few individuals currently on staff at Wilson and elsewhere within the district."

The speculation is that those sending the letters were white school teachers who are unhappy with the administration at the high school. The school's principal, Elvira Dundy is black. One vice-principal, Gil Archuleta, is Hispanic and the other, Juliet Montevirgen is Filipino.

Lover Not Evicted, Says Family

Had Tried to Include Him In Family Care, Says Sister

by Mary Richards

A recent article published in the Bay Area Reporter has brought a rebuke from the family concerned, who say that their actions and feelings were misinterpreted. Michael Fasano's sister, responding to the article entitled "Family Moves In; Lover Thrown Out" (Jan. 21), said that her family tried to include her brother's companion in caring for Michael.

In the article, Michael's companion described the time they spent together before Michael died of AIDS. He told of being forced to vacate the apartment they had shared, and of being denied visitation rights during Michael's last days in the hospital.

Michael's sister believed that his companion should have understood more about the close relationship that Michael and his family shared before telling his story to the public. "Michael had a very loving, caring family," she said. "His family were not the ones to bar (the companion) from the hospital."

She said that she had asked the man to leave her brother's apartment and stay with friends so that her parents could stay there. She denied ever forbidding

anyone from visiting Michael in the hospital.

"It's such a lack of respect for Michael and Michael's family," she said in regard to the man's actions. "Relationships are relationships, I don't care if they're heterosexual or homosexual. You have each other's families to deal with and you accept them, it's part of the package. It's a package deal when you fall in love with somebody," she said.

Whenever a gay man or lesbian experiences difficulty with members of their loved one's relatives, the spectre of homophobia rises to the surface. But Fasano's sister said that label did not apply to her family. "My mother and father never turned their back on Michael because he was gay," she said.

She pointed out that she had had power of attorney for her brother since 1985, when he was first diagnosed with AIDS, and is the executrix of his will. "That alone should tell you," she said, "of the relationship and the trust. I have lived from day one of Michael's wishes. That was the relationship that we had. We were always there for each other." She said that she and her brother, being close in age, shared each other's lives intimately.

One of the ways of being there for her brother, she added, is to make a quilt in his memory for the Names Project. It will contain his picture, one of his own recipes, and two skylines. "The San Francisco skyline will be on one side and the New York skyline on the other side, because Michael's heart was in both places."

People With AIDS To Press Candidates

A group of homeless people with AIDS from a hospice in New York City are making a pilgrimage to Manchester, N.H. on Sunday, Feb. 14, to dramatize the plight of people with AIDS.

The group, called Cure AIDS Now, has made 6'x3' banners bearing the names of 20 of the 47 people who have died of AIDS at their hospice in the past year—an average of one death per week.

The banners will be displayed in Manchester at 2 p.m. Feb. 14,

at Veterans Memorial Park, located at Elm and Merrimack streets. The Presidential candidates of both parties have been invited to attend.

"We are calling on our government to start providing the leadership that we need to contain the AIDS crisis and heal those afflicted with AIDS. We are asking you to stand with us," wrote Michael Petrelis in a letter to each of the candidates for the Republican and Democratic nomination. Petrelis was diag-

nosed with AIDS in August 1985.

"I probably won't live to see the next President elected," said Petrelis, "but I will work until I drop to prevent one more AIDS death and to see to it that people with AIDS get better care and a chance at a cure."

Accompanying the homeless people with AIDS will be friends and supporters from the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Manchester areas.

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Presidential Candidates On Gay Rights

According to a report card issued last week by the Washington-based National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the seven Democrats running for President all have "passing" grades. All have promised to support federal gay rights legislation.

Jeff Levi, executive director of the gay/lesbian lobbying group, hailed the fact that all announced Democrats had at least promised to support gay rights. He said, "We have achieved an unprecedented support from the Democratic candidates in a year when it has been suggested that candidates should and might run away from minority constituencies." He added that Demo party chairperson Paul Kirk, who stripped the Gay Caucus of its official standing in the party in 1985, is "out of step with the leading presidential candidates of his own party."

According to the Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the Demo candidates differed, however, on gay proposals regarding the so-called "family issues" such as giving gay and lesbian couples the same federal benefits as heterosexual married couples or some of the same rights in adoption. While all seven Democratic presidential hopefuls said they would support national gay rights legislation, only Jesse Jackson unequivocally endorsed such proposals as gay marriage benefits and the question of adoption.

Rep. Richard Gephardt, the winner in Monday's Iowa caucuses, and former Sen. Gary Hart, now decidedly a presidential long-shot, said they supported equitable access to federal programs but were not specific. Illinois Sen. Paul Simon and former Arizona Gov. Bruce Babbitt said they would study gay issues further. Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis, already in trouble with gays in his home state on the adoption issue, answered with a terse "no" when asked if he would recognize gay and lesbian relationships in awarding federal benefits.

Among the Republican presidential candidates, Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas, the winner in this week's Iowa GOP caucus, was given the best mark by the Gay and Lesbian Task Force. Levi said, "Sen. Dole, in his words and his actions, has been most thoughtful, especially on AIDS issues, while George Bush talks about protecting the rights of the uninfected, with little stated concern for those who are the real targets of discrimination."

Bush has said that he opposes federal legislation to ban discrimination on the basis of sex-



Roberta Achtenberg announced her candidacy for the California State Assembly last week. (Photo: S. Martin)

ual orientation.

Levi and his organization gave Jesse Jackson the highest marks among the Democratic presidential possibilities while awarding Gov. Dukakis the lowest grade.

The Iowa primary is history and the Republicans gave Dole's presidential hopes a boost while handing George Bush a setback, at least temporarily. Pat Robertson's surprising second-place finish gives the Republican Party cause to be concerned (What will they do with him now?) much like the Democrats are constantly looking over their shoulders at Jesse Jackson.

While Robertson, unlike Jackson, could conceivably win the party nomination, neither could win a national election. The bosses in the GOP have to be concerned that a Robertson effort could snowball into real trouble at the National Convention.

Bush probably could recoup with an impressive win next week in New Hampshire, but reports from that state now indicate he could be in real trouble, and possibly even lose there. A loss for George Bush in New Hampshire would make him dead meat. It would be all over for the vice president and he knows this better than anyone.

Gary Hart, who was the favorite of 65 percent of Iowa Democrats prior to his trouble over Donna Rice last May, polled a dismal 1 percent this week and his candidacy is history.

The Democratic race is narrowing down to the real field and Hart and former Arizona Gov. Bruce Babbitt are no longer in it.

In fact, before Monday night's caucus, Hart's campaign manager was telling reporters that he had hoped for at least 10 percent of the vote for his man.

Sen. Paul Simon, the second place finisher in the Democratic fray, badly needed a good showing in his neighboring state of Iowa and got it. Simon, with a respectable showing in New Hampshire next week could be in the race for the long run.

Dukakis, who trailed Gephardt and Simon, expects to do well in his neighboring New Hampshire, and with a large political bank account, the Bay State governor also will be in the race for the big prize.

Though Dole was the big winner for the Republicans, and Gephardt, as expected, won the Democratic caucuses in Iowa, the race in both parties will stay muddled for a while, at least until next month's Super Tuesday. None of the candidates, save possibly Hart and Babbitt, are expected to withdraw.

S.F. Park and Rec Commissioner Fred Rodriguez filed this week as a candidate for the Board of Education. Board seats now occupied by JoAnn Miller, Rod McLeod, Libby Denebeim, and Ben Tom are up for grabs in the November election and all incumbents are expected to run.

Jesse Jackson, who polled a respectable 11 percent in Monday's Iowa caucuses, probably will get more gay and lesbian support than most Democrats. Jackson, however, is highly unlikely to get the nomination (will either party ever nominate a black?).

there's life after death" (?) ...

Former West Hollywood Mayor Valerie Terrigno lost an appeal last week on her embezzlement conviction and a five-year court ban on selling her story (you see, it's a new habit—convicted people making a fast buck off their misdeeds). Terrigno was convicted and sentenced to 60 days in a halfway house, 1,000 hours of community service, ordered to repay \$6,800, and placed on probation.

Terrigno, believed to be the nation's first elected homosexual mayor, was convicted for embezzling federal funds in 1983 and 1984 as executive director of Crossroads Foundation, which gave counseling and emergency aid to people looking for work; the appeals court rejected defense arguments that the restriction on selling her story violated Terrigno's right of free speech.

Ray Sloane of Dan White fame rumored to be handling the campaign of one supervisory hopeful.

San Mateo County Sup. Tom Nolan has announced his support of Tennessee Sen. Al Gore for President.

Roberta Achtenberg's campaign for Assembly off to a good start.

And as if they didn't have enough to worry about on the Washington scene, Congresspersons Barbara Boxer and Nancy Pelosi have joined nine other Demos in the state Congressional delegation urging politics in Sacramento to reject Dan Lungren as state treasurer.

In Connecticut, state Rep. Paul Gionfriddo plans to ask fellow lawmakers to censure GOP state Rep. Eugene Migliaro for calling gays "lollipops." Unless Gionfriddo apologizes to gay leaders. (Lollipops—I've been called worse).

And in Detroit, the Stroh Brewery Company announced they will run ads in the Windy City Times, a Chicago gay newsweekly to disavow comments made by their ad agency that advertising in gay papers could hurt brewers' images.

One of my favorite politicians, former Gov. Jerry Brown, who has been in Calcutta doing volunteer work at Mother Theresa's home for the dying, is back in California and plans to help the Nobel Peace Prize winner find a way to work with people suffering with AIDS. Brown's first mission will be to find American facilities where Mother Theresa can assist AIDS people, especially in New York and San Francisco.

Walter Mondale, turning down a chance to run for U.S. Senator from his native Minnesota, saying, "There comes a time when it's over, and it's over for me; if you'll accept that,

What Others Take For Granted

One of the things I could never forgive ex-Mayor Dianne Feinstein was her statement several years ago in Ladies' Home Journal regarding gay people and our "lifestyles." She said, "The right of an individual to live as he or she chooses can become offensive. The gay community is going to have to face this. It's fine for us to live here respecting each others' lifestyles, but that doesn't mean imposing them on others."

Forgive me if I am making the grossest of assumptions. But, by "imposing our lifestyles on others," I presume Feinstein meant, among other things, inappropriate public displays of affection. Now, I could understand—although I might not share—the woman's attitude had she been talking about fucking in Buena Vista Park or groping genitalia on Market Street, for God's sake, but I suspect she was talking about nothing more "offensive" than holding hands.

Unlike Feinstein, I have long been a passionate believer in our right—nay, our duty—to confront others with our lifestyles, especially by showing affection in public. If others consider this an imposition, that's their problem.

For centuries, "the right of an individual to live as he or she chooses" has been denied to us. Now that we have the limited opportunity to do so (without suffering too greatly for it), we ought to hold hands and kiss and oo whenever we feel like it. For if what we are seeking is change, a change in public attitudes as well as the law, then surely the best way to effect that change is simply to assume patterns of behavior that others take for granted.

Well-meaning but hopelessly naive straight friends of mine have sometimes said, "Oh, I believe in equal rights for gay people, but why do you have to flaunt it all the time?" Like Feinstein, they would be happier if we confined our expressions of devotion to the bedroom—which, it must be admitted, is a more progressive attitude than that of the majority of Justices on the Supreme Court, who feel we don't belong even there.

Nevertheless, both my friends and the Justices would benefit if they grew accustomed to seeing us express affection on the street. Only then



(Photo: R. Pruzan)

might they begin to regard us not as primarily sexual creatures (as they do now) but as well-rounded, fully-developed emotional beings, capable of the same kinds of feelings as them (if not better).

At present, however, we are doing very little to change the misinformed opinion that so many others have of us. True, our response to the AIDS crisis has opened the eyes of many to the great powers of love we possess. But in other, more superficial ways, the situation has scarcely improved since Stonewall.

Ten years ago, for instance, my ex-lover Bob used to hold my hand whenever we walked down Christopher Street in New York, but he invariably dropped it as we neared his apartment on E. 12th Street just north of Washington Square.

"Good God, Bob!" I complained. "If you can't even hold my hand in Greenwich Village outside of a two-block radius of Christopher Street, then where can you hold it? It's not as if we

get used to the stares and comments which followed us even in New York City. I sympathized, but I still felt he should face up to the hostility. "Somebody's got to be a behavioral pioneer," I said, "even if it means discomfort. It might as well be us."

My next boyfriend, Tim, was no better than Bob at breaking new ground for gay rights, but he was far better at subtle psychological warfare. This, alas, he directed at me rather than at the enemy. "It's one thing to show affection in public," he said. "It's another thing entirely when it's the only place you show it. You don't do it because you feel like it, Mike. You do it because it's politically correct. You're nothing but a militant exhibitionist."

Maybe so, but fortunately, several months ago I met someone at last who shares my feelings about this. My present boyfriend, Mark, holds my hand wherever we go—private and public—and for all the right reasons. He does it because he cares for me; he does it because he feels it's important to make a statement. Only when we enter danger zones do we drop hands. "Let's not get beat up tonight," I suggested when we walked down Mission Street recently. Wisely, Mark agreed.

Perhaps Mark is an unusual example, the product of an enlightened upbringing. When we opened gifts at his parents' house this past Christmas, for instance, he sat at my feet with my

arms around him. When we kissed, his parents only smiled. But this did not happen without a good deal of effort and conditioning on the part of both Mark and his parents.

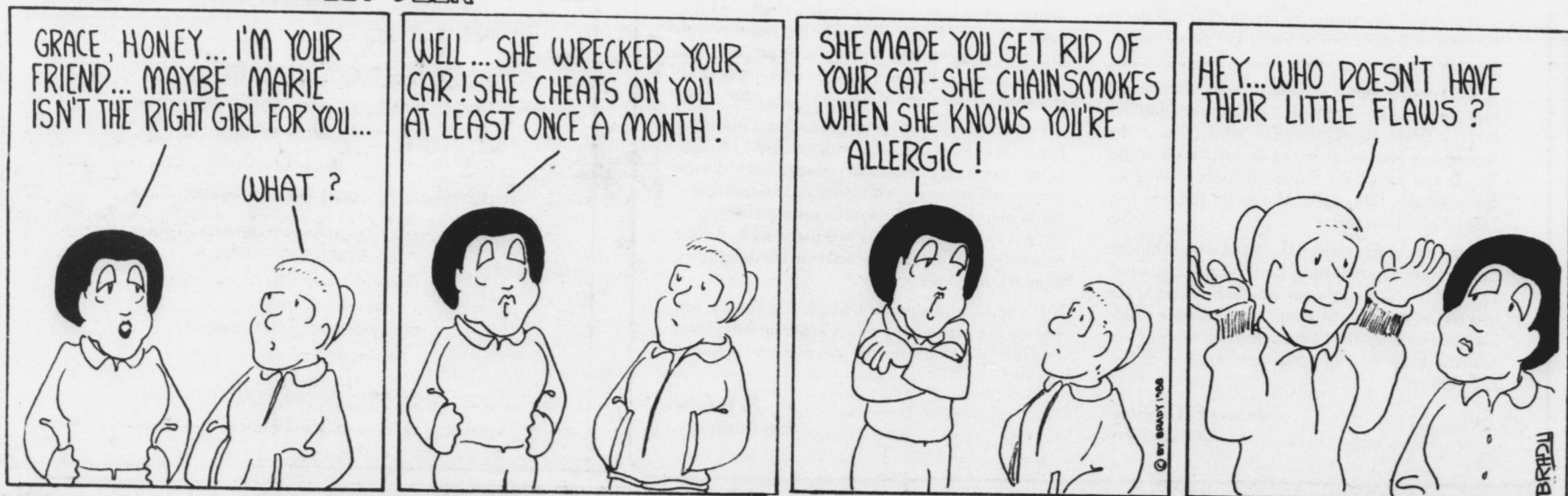
The reactions we get from others are not always so sympathetic. On Haight Street the other day, some asshole passed us and growled, "Save it for Castro Street." I sighed and thought, "Has it really come to this, that we are restricted to one street only in what is supposed to be the most tolerant city in America? Has anything changed since the days Bob and I walked down Christopher Street together?"

Perhaps the saddest part of all this is that my plea for greater openness is an argument I should have been making—and was making—ten or fifteen years ago. Now I expect much more. I am no longer content merely to hold hands in public. I also want the right to be married, to have my emotional bonds formally recognized. (See what having a boyfriend is doing to me?)

With a new administration in City Hall, perhaps the time is right to pursue domestic partners legislation once again. In the meantime, we should all grab our partners' hands and walk proudly down the street, any street (except Mission and Fillmore), whenever the spirit moves us.

If we have partners, that is. Those of you who don't, grab a friend. It's almost the same thing.

LIFE AT THE CLOSET DOOR



BAY AREA REPORTER FEBRUARY 11, 1988 PAGE 10

Brontë to Benefit AIDS Emergency Fund

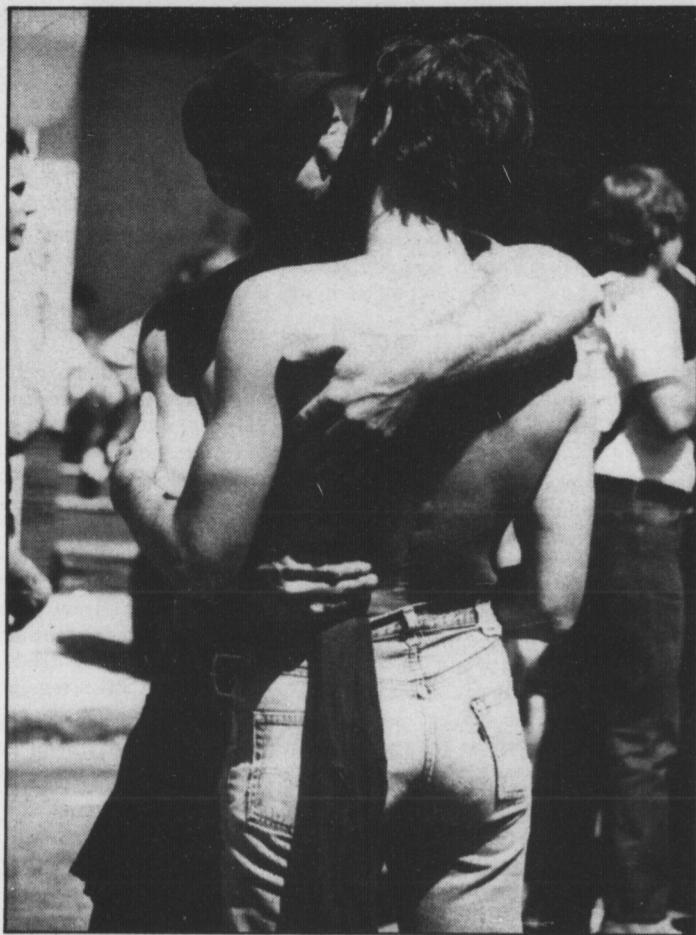
The final Bay Area performance of Brontë: A Solo Portrait of Charlotte Brontë has been generously donated as a benefit for the AIDS Emergency Fund and 18th Street Services by the show's producer, Charles H. Duggan, and the show's star, Julie Harris. The benefit performance by the five-time Tony Award-winning actress is scheduled for Valentine's Day, Feb. 14 at 8 p.m. at the Marines Memorial Theatre.

The AIDS Emergency Fund provides direct financial assistance for people with AIDS who have exhausted their personal resources. Grants are made for housing, food, utilities, referrals, and outpatient counseling to

gay men with substance abuse problems and does special outreach and education to the gay community on the dangers of substance abuse and its relationship to AIDS.

Sponsor tickets for Brontë are \$50 and will include an after-theater supper with Ms. Harris at Ivy's Restaurant. Patrons tickets are \$25. Tickets may be ordered by mail by sending a request to the AIDS Emergency Fund at 1550 California St., San Francisco, CA 94109. Tickets can be charged by phone by calling 441-6407. Information about the event is available at 986-3185, Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Advertisement for SAIL AM with ADVANCE TRAVEL, featuring a windjammer cruise. Includes contact information for Advance Travel and a call to action to call local travel representatives.



(Photo: R. Pruzan)

Looking For Love

If You Don't Know What You Want, How Will You Find It?

by Dennis McMillan

So, it's Valentine time once again, and you are not anticipating receiving an elegantly wrapped five-pound box of Godiva chocolates from your Mr. Right. Oh, let's be real; at this point you'd be grateful for one lousy foil-wrapped Hershey's *chocolate kiss* from Mr. *Make-Do*. But not even *that* is forthcoming.

How come it seems you're the only one in town who doesn't have a hot date with Cupid's arrow (you know . . . that big, long, stiff love-shaft that keeps shooting into everybody's . . . er . . . heart).

But if you are one of those rare guys whose only worry this Feb. 14, is finding just the right greeting card for your lover, one that tastefully matches the pink tones of the new living room furniture you both recently purchased, well . . . read something else; this article is definitely not for you!

Okay. Are we alone, now? Have all the blissed-out, happy little couples fled to another page of this newspaper, gleefully checking the ads for more furniture and finery to feather their love-nest with?

Good. I can speak frankly. You bet we're alone now. And it's a drag. I mean, we just barely got through Christmas with all its hearth and home imagery, only to run smack into New Year's, where everyone kisses and blows horns and auld acquaintance is soon forgot. Hell, we'd settle for an auld acquaintance lasting over a month, right?

And just when we thought it was safe to go back into the water, it's *Jaws 14: the Valentine Monster!*

After all those romantic holidays with no romance, we're emotional wrecks by now. At least we've got a small respite until Eastertime rears its ugly head with cuddly stuffed bunnies and baskets (oh, those baskets!). But it's not fair. It seems as if everyone on earth has pair-bonded but you and me, right?

What's wrong, Lonelyheart? It could be your attitude. If you think romance has passed you by, maybe just maybe it is you, dear boy, who is doing the passing.

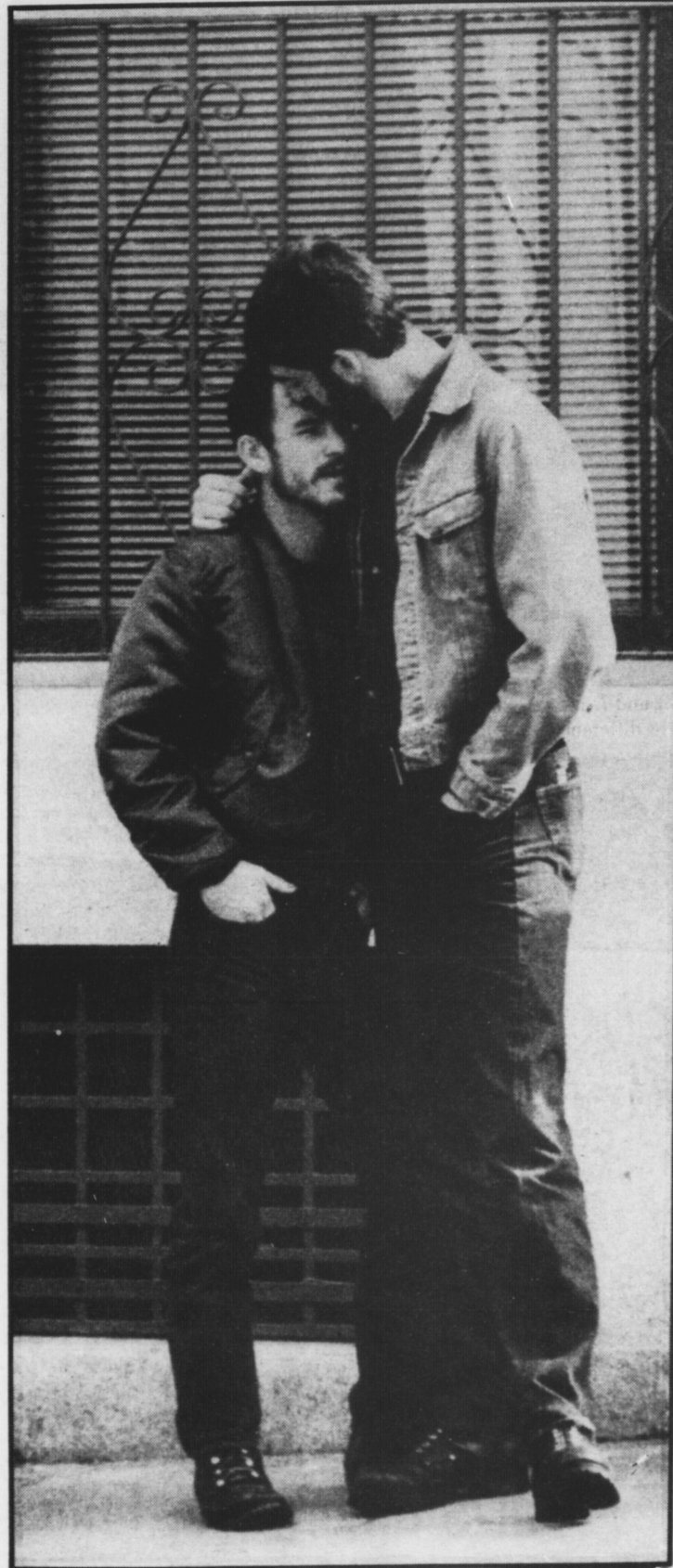
Or failing.

BACK TO SCHOOL

With this thought in mind, I decided to do some studying on the subject. I mean, when I was a college student getting D-minus in chemistry, I got help from tutors and hung out a lot in the chem lab doing experiments. It's no different now. If I'm a student of the heart and seem to be flunking out, I need to turn to the experts, do some experimenting, and learn to improve my grade.

And so my first step was to enroll in the Gay Male Relationship class. I figured, at least the homework should be fun. Class is in season every Monday (except Washington's birthday on Feb. 15) from 6:30-9 p.m. at Everett Middle School, 450 Church Street, room 206. Taught by Bob Reys, M.S., the course is sponsored by the San Francisco Community College District (can you believe the district is actually teaching us to be gay??!) and there is no fee or registration required.

The format is that of an informal rap group, guest lecturers, and videos. "Communication



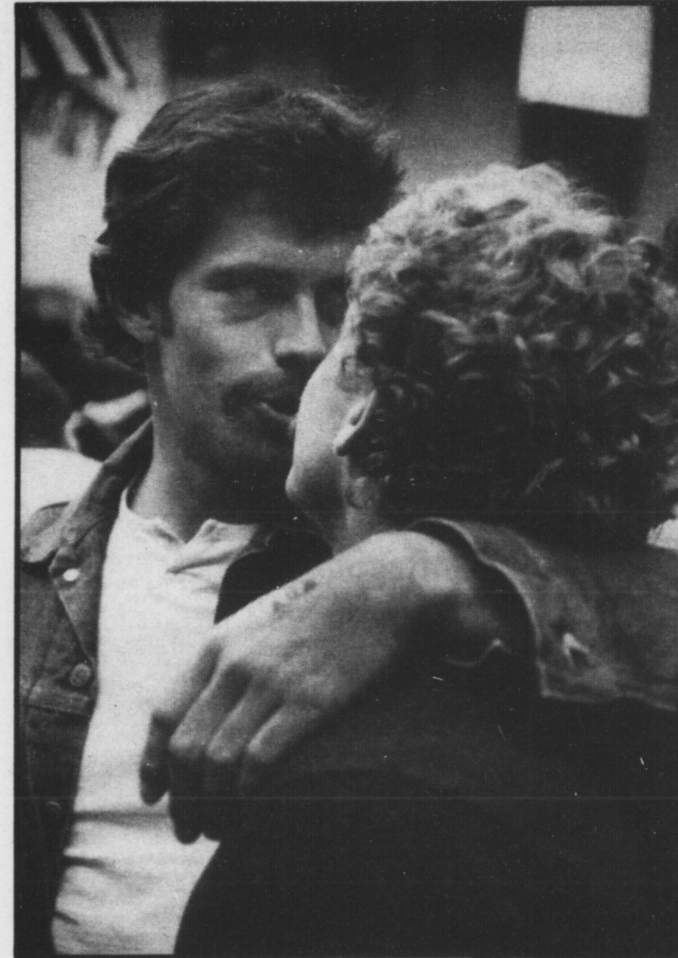
(Photo: R. Pruzan)

and Intimacy" is the theme. The class plans to have a field trip in lieu of a final exam. There is talk of having an outing to Kabuki Hot Springs on the last day, March 21. Now this is *one* final I won't mind cramming for.

At our first meeting, I was amazed to discover how many of us wanted a lover, but had not actually taken time or effort to outline the characteristics we were looking for. Most of us vaguely expected someone like the rippling hunks who appear in the Milk Advisory TV commercials—milk is for every body—or the muscle models in

magazine ads for Soloflex. As our instructor pointed out, "if you don't know what you want, how will you know you have it when it comes along?" So we all got down to some serious soul-searching.

We made a Lover's Checklist of qualities we were wishing to find in our man. Let's take for example (oh, we'll call him "Dennis") one man's shopping list: 1. spirituality (the new-age, unconditional-love type of guy); 2. sense of humor (not the fake nose eye-glasses and plastic barf variety, but something a little more urbane and sophisticated;



(Photo: R. Pruzan)

3. communication skills (something beyond "so-what-are-you-into?"; 4. romance (something beyond "so-what-are-you-into?"; 5. mutuality (I'm neither looking for a daddy or a son. Ideally, we are both equals who feel good about ourselves and want to share that with each other.); 6. culture (it's OK if we watch football together occasionally, but he has to go to the opera and ballet with me, too. "Oh, all right, you can wear your 49ers cap with your tux to Louise Davies Symphony Hall . . ."); and 7. a willingness to risk and be different (" . . . but I think it's only fair to warn you that I'm wearing my tux and Joan Crawford heels to the Niners game with you.").

MADE IN HEAVEN

We students also took a close look at what we wanted our relationship to be structured on. We discovered that it isn't a marriage made in heaven when one partner is the free-and-wild-nature's-child out every other night pollenating, while his lover is dutifully home dusting the Architectural Digests and building the nest.

Certain guidelines need to be established. Will you insist on monogamy or will this be an open relationship? How open? Is there

a revolving door to the bedroom? Are the towels monogrammed "his," "his," and "whoever's?"

What roles, if any, will you assign each other? Who gets to be Julia Child and who is Mrs. Clean? In other words, which one cooks the garbage and which one takes it out?

Once you have figured out the specifics of the lover you are looking for, it is time to take action. You have to make sure you are, as Connie Francis so aptly sang it, "where the boys are." This requires persistence and diligence.

If you want to hook up with a spiritual soul-mate, you've got to attend the gay churches religiously. If you're hoping to mate with a mountain man, you've got to join the Gay Sierrans and ford every stream. And this means that if you are searching for a serious monogamous relationship, it is probably a waste of time answering the personals ad of "Roamin' Roger the Rubber Orgy Master."

Which brings us to another path towards lovers' lane—the personals. Even if you break out in hives at the thought of writing an ad, it's a good method of at least clarifying what you have to offer and to whom you want to offer it. You might even get up the nerve to actually submit the ad. Or answer someone else's.

If you are a 1980s kind of guy, subscribe to a computer dating club. The application form is sent to you free of charge until you mail it back to be computerized. Use the form as a guideline to show you the continuum of compromises you are or are not willing to make for your match (hobbies, sports, career, education, age, looks, species).

If you are a 1980 kind of guy WITH a computer and modem, you can tap into a number of electronic bulletin boards and find out who's out there looking for what. Of course, you are in danger of dating a computer nerd with very bad eye strain, but just think of the prestige of eventually being a two-computer family.

If you are really nervous about getting serious, contact David Klein of Partners Institute at 343-8541. PI (and that's NOT an abbreviation for politically incorrect) offers a variety of game plans, from individualized man-hunting help to all-day group seminars.

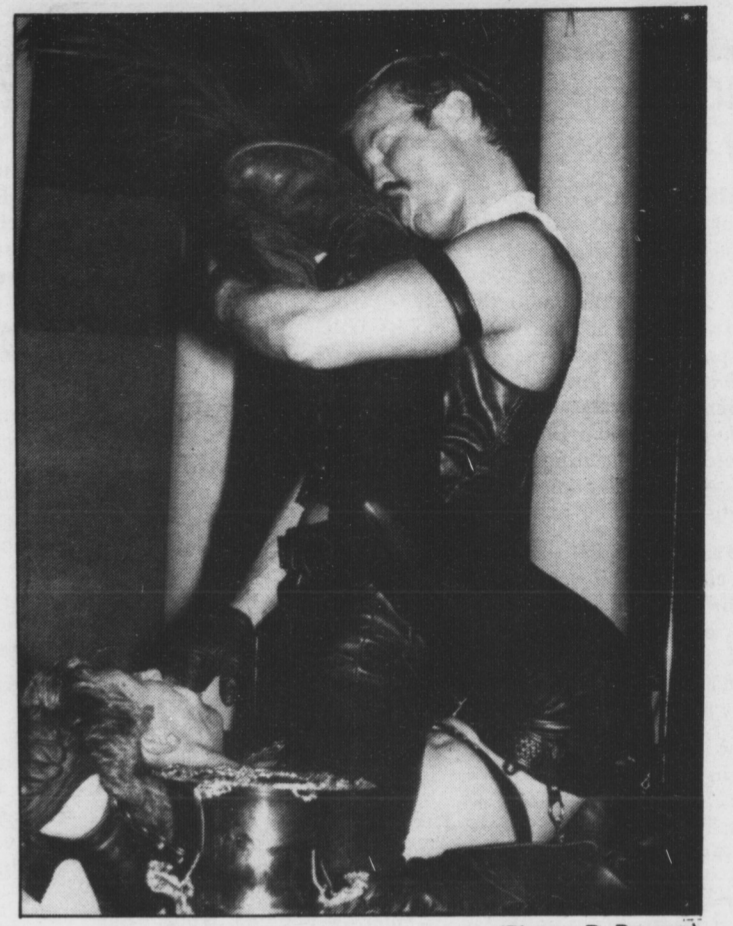
MONTHLY MEETING

Klein also sponsors a monthly evening mixer and social hour to facilitate potential partners meeting like-minded men. The next shindig will be March 12 at 7:30 p.m. Don't be deterred by the sound of organ music wafting from the chapel below. Just walk up the stairs of the Metropolitan Community Church of San Francisco at 150 Eureka Street with your \$5 donation clutched in hand.

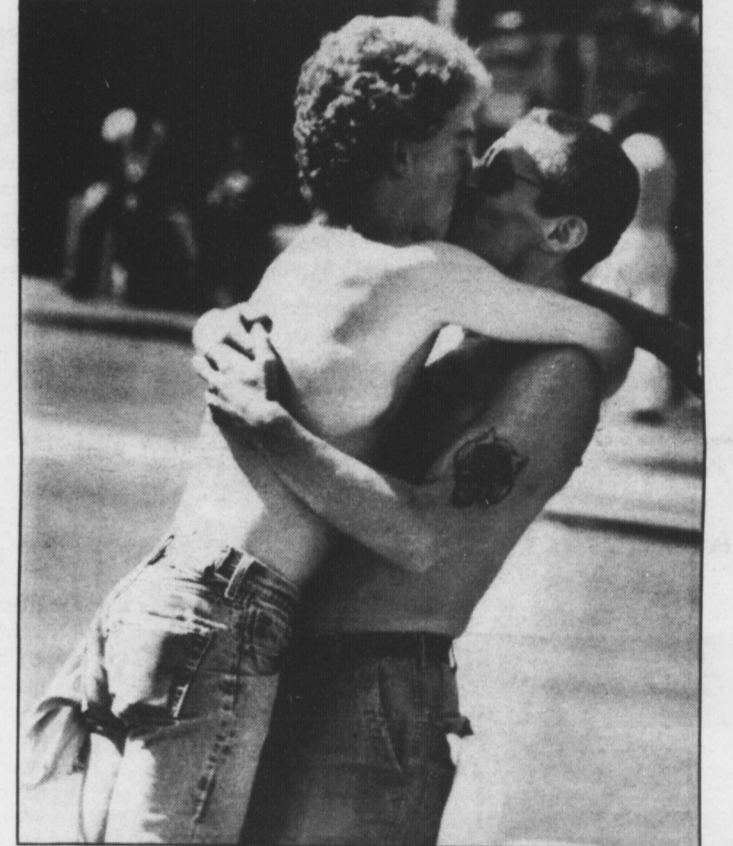
The social hall is painted tres gay grey and peach pink. Klein begins the meeting like a torch singer seated atop a baby grand piano, so you know the night holds lots of fun in store. The evening closes with soft drinks, coffee, cookies and chatter, and with the director's friendly encouragement to discreetly slip your phone number to someone you would like to get to know better.

And that brings a close to our strategy of getting to know someone better. This little outline of partner-seeking tactics should prove quite effective. After following all or some of these suggestions, you'll have no worries about being alone.

So, I'll see you and your lover next Valentine's Day at the local greeting card store. You'll easily recognize me. I'll be the one with the swath of material, trying to match the color of our new love-seat with a Valentine's card for my significant other.



(Photo: R. Pruzan)



(Photo: R. Pruzan)



(Photo: R. Pruzan)



(Photo: Rink)

Correction On HIV Test Centers

On Dec. 24, 1987, the Bay Area Reporter published an article entitled "Consumer Beware in HIV Testing." The article stated that the National Gay Rights Advocates, in an Oct. 2, 1987 letter to the California Attorney General's AIDS Fraud Task Force, had told a "horror story" of "medical unreliability" and "possible profiteering" of the AIDS Prevention Center affiliated with the Stop AIDS Foundation. In fact, the letter's allegations of "medical unreliability" and "possible profiteering" were directed toward other companies, not the AIDS Prevention Center or the Stop AIDS Foundation.

The B.A.R. article also may have implied that the AIDS Fraud Task Force is specifically targeting the AIDS Prevention Center and Stop AIDS Foundation for investigation because

they have been "linked to possibly fraudulent and unethical medical activity." In fact, it is true that the NGRA letter to the Task Force alleged a "problem of fraudulent and medically improper practices on the part of privately run 'AIDS Testing' centers." And it is true that the Attorney General is studying the practices of private AIDS testing centers, but the Task Force has not revealed any investigation of the Stop AIDS Foundation specifically.

Finally, the B.A.R. article stated, "This HIV Test Center sprouted when the free, alternative test sites funded by the state bogged down in some instances by a two-month waiting period for testing." Dr. Timothy Sankary, chair of the Board of Directors, has been doing AIDS testing since 1985 when the test first became available.

Sups Defer KQED Resolution

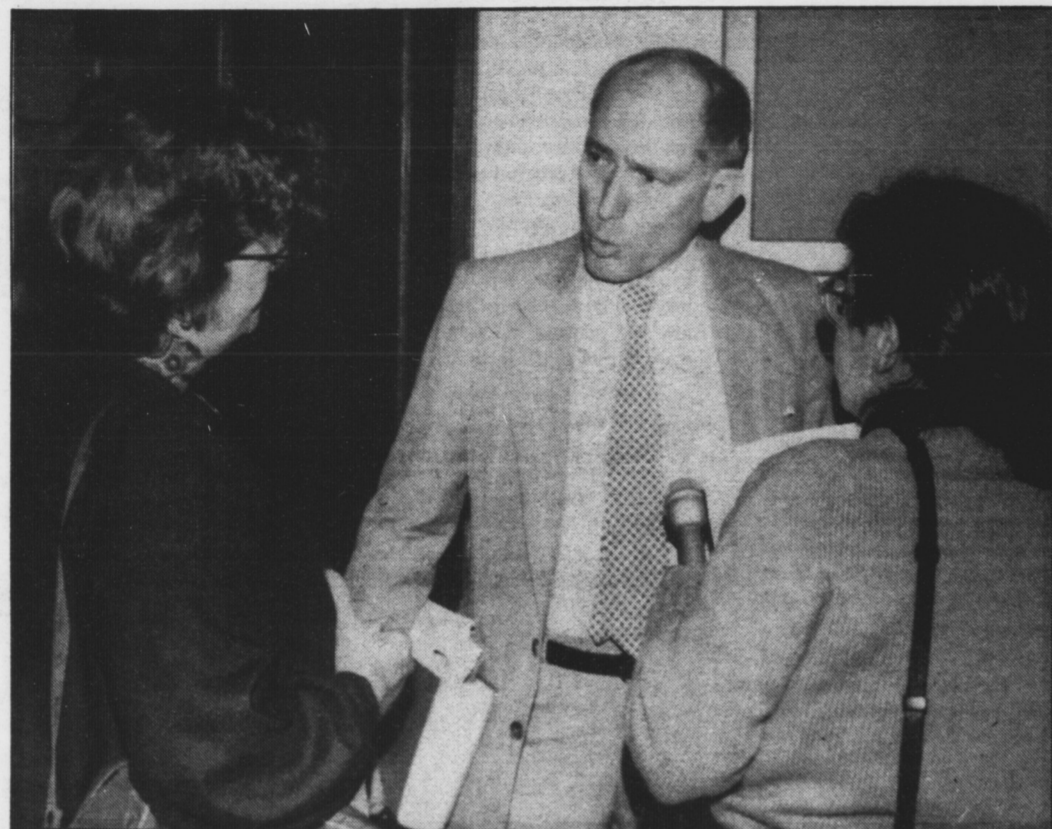
Proposal Needs to be Clarified; KQED Staffers Defend Station

by Miranda Kolbe

San Francisco's Board of Supervisors voted Feb. 4 to continue hearings on the Hongisto Resolution at its next meeting. Hongisto's proposal would ban indirect discrimination on the part of any contractor for city funds. This decision was made upon the suggestion of Sup. Doris Ward, who felt the resolution in its present form doesn't provide a clear definition of indirect discrimination, nor does it provide for a process by which indirect discrimination can be determined.

Ward said, "I'd like to see this resolution reworked so it has some teeth to it."

Sup. Carol Ruth Silver echoed Ward's feelings, saying the resolution seems "vague to the point of having little substance."



John Wahl outside the Board of Supervisors' committee hearing on KQED (Photo: Rink)

The present draft of the resolution "[urges] the Chief Administrative Officer not to fund or participate in support of any organization or program that directly or indirectly discriminates in employment or programming." It was devised in response to complaints about city funds going to public broadcaster KQED.

However, most of those testifying at the hearing did not focus their remarks on the resolution itself. Instead, their argument chiefly concerned whether the resolution, once passed, should be applied to KQED. KQED, which received \$150,000 annually from the city's Hotel Tax Fund, subcontracts with the Christian Science Monitor to produce its program, Monitor Radio. The Christian Science Monitor has been known to discriminate on the basis of sexual preference.

NO JOB BIAS

Alice Kahn, a spokesperson for a newly organized group of gays and lesbians at KQED, was one of the speakers at the hearing. Kahn also did not spend a great deal of time addressing the resolution itself. Moreover, she didn't argue whether the resolution should apply to her station. Kahn instead discussed KQED's own policies towards its gay and lesbian employees.

"I've worked at KQED since 1981," she said, "and I've never been discriminated against, nor have I heard of anyone else being discriminated against because they were gay. [KQED] is a very supportive place for gay people and lesbians to work."

Kahn spoke because she felt the hearing's focus on KQED was misplaced. She felt the discussion should have been about the resolution and not KQED. "This resolution hasn't been called a human rights resolution

or a non-discrimination resolution, it's been called 'the KQED thing,'" Kahn said.

"KALW, which is the school district's station, also airs the program. How come those four letters never fell out of anybody's mouth?" she asked.

Another lesbian who works for KQED, programming director Carol Pierson, was also irritated by the focus on KQED. "Of all the important issues there are out there for us as gay people, there certainly seem to be more pressing issues than taking \$150,000 from KQED."

According to Pierson, "KQED has done more for the community than most of the other media in town has."

Rick Pacurar, who has been active on the KQED issue, said that while he was glad to hear no discrimination was occurring at the station, KQED's employment policies were not the issue in question. "The problem I have with KQED is not its employment policies, but that it airs Monitor Radio," he said. Pacurar felt KQED was under fire because, "we know about KQED's indirect discrimination. We've asked them to take Monitor Radio off the air repeatedly but they have refused. When we learn of other city-funded organizations which are indirectly discriminating, we'll deal with them, too."

An aide to Hongisto, Cindy Meyers, said, "It seemed clear that we needed a policy about our hotel tax dollars. The fund had no real guidelines concerning discrimination."

Meyers added that she has spoken with KALW about airing Monitor Radio. She said, "We have the same concern with them as we do with KQED."

The group of gays and lesbians at KQED has not taken a stand

on whether the station should continue to air Monitor Radio. Pierson said, "There's a general feeling in the group erring in the direction of the First Amendment, but there are some people who feel we shouldn't be airing the program."

Meyers said that because Hongisto is still in Israel, he has not yet been able to consider the request for clarification. Nevertheless, Meyers believes that "in the end [the resolution] will be strengthened" through the clarification process.

Meyers added that she has had discussions with the city attorney about including this policy in the Administrative Code. "Chapter 12 of the Administrative Code includes the Human Rights Commission and its jurisdiction. This would add non-discrimination in hotel tax dollars." Meyers has asked the city attorney to come up with a draft for this inclusion.

Meyers believes this will answer Sup. Ward's and Silver's questions about the resolution as Hongisto's office and the city attorney will be working to define the terms along the lines of the ordinance prohibiting contracts with South African businesses.

Help On Benefits

In the Jan. 14 issue of Bay Area Reporter, Kenneth Wolff recommended the book *Social Security Disability Benefits: How To Get Them! How To Keep Them!*

As this book has not been stocked by bookstores, readers who are interested can call (415) 794-2837 to order it. The cost is \$12.95 per copy with 4th class postal shipping free, \$2 extra for those who prefer 1st class postage (for much faster postal delivery). Those who wish to write can order the book at Ross Publishing Co., 188 Forrester Road, Slippery Rock, PA 16057.

STANLEY BOYD

for Emperor XVI

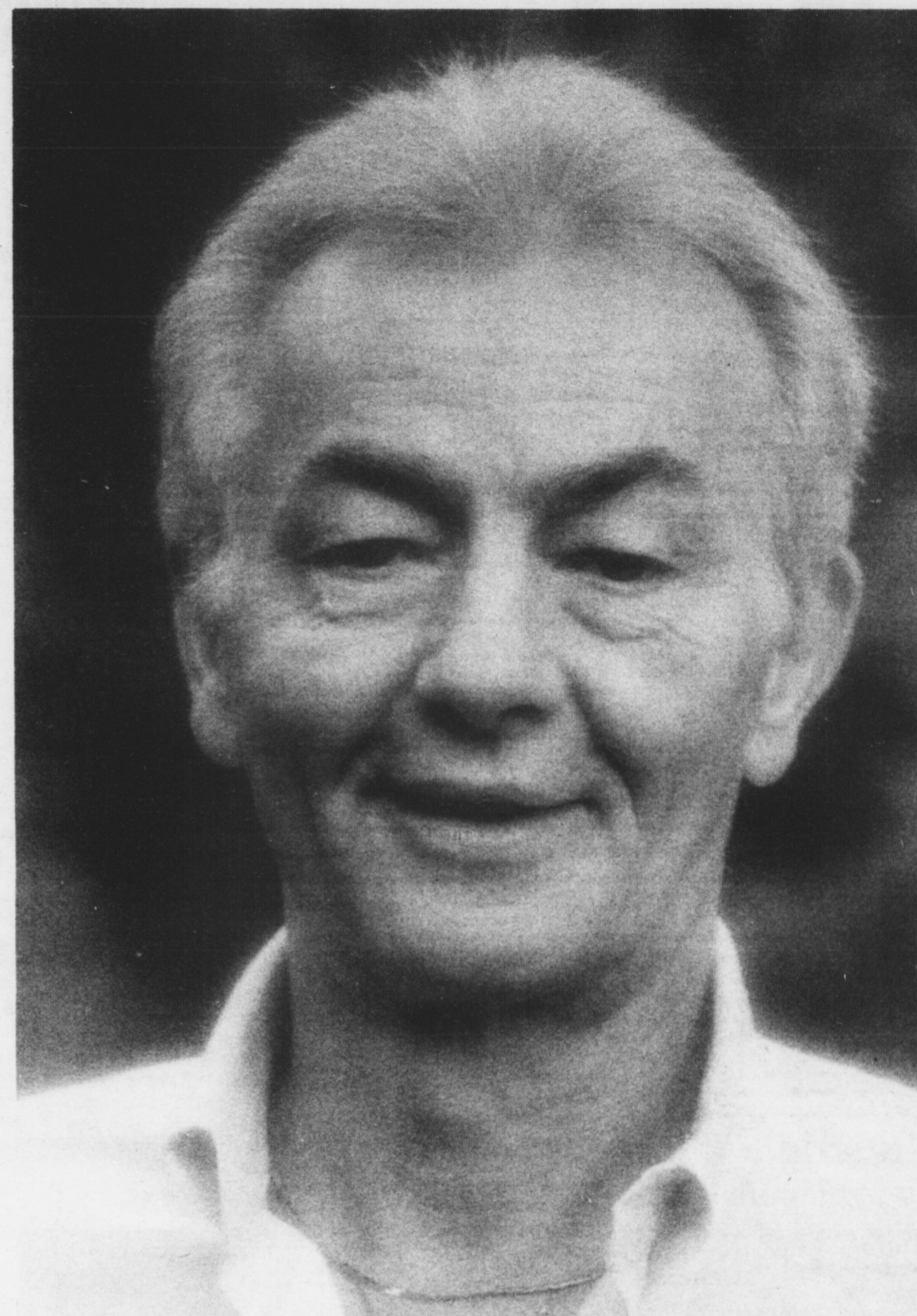


PHOTO BY R. PRUZAN

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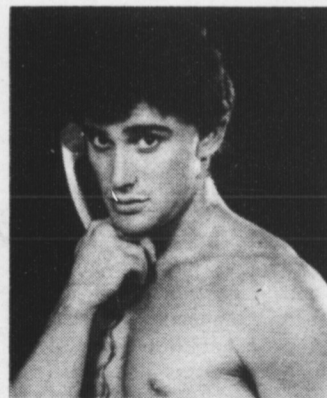
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BAY AREA REPORTER ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Men Behind Bars

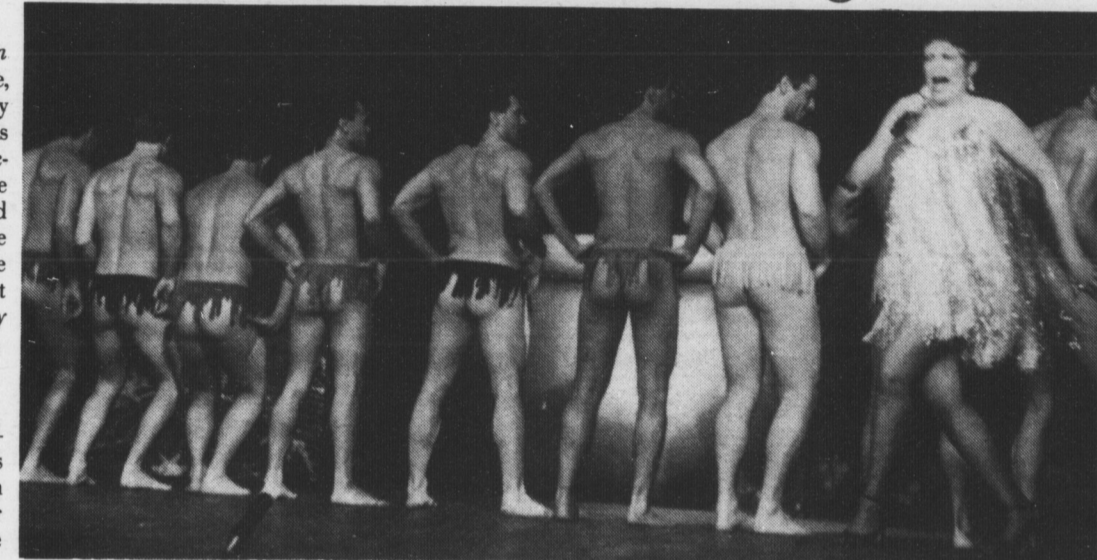
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Tix Are Going Fast! Fast! Fast!

by Joseph W. Bean

There are a few tickets for *Men Behind Bars IV* still available, but just a few. As of noon today (Thursday), any unsold tickets that remain are on sale at the Victoria Theatre box office. Ignore any poster, ad, or helpful friend who tries to send you elsewhere for MBB-IV tickets. Go to the Victoria box office. If you don't have your tickets for this very popular AIDS benefit, go now.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

The first edition of *Men Behind Bars* was staged five years ago. Jim Cvitanich, who had been elected Mr. S.F. Leather the year before, was tending bar at the Pilsner Inn. Since the Pilsner is "a little South of Market" and



This scene re-christened last year's show 'Men Behind Buns'

(Photo: R. Pruzan)

organizing stages for almost a year. Now it's here, extended to six performances, and very nearly sold out. It's still a 'bartender's folly,' but the barkeeps will have plenty of help on stage this year. For the first time, MBB was cast from an open audition. So, along with the bartenders, there will be *The Follies Men*, described by Cvitanich as "16 of the community's most attractive men."

Also on the MBB-IV program are City Swing, the San Francisco Tap Troupe, Gail Wilson, and comics Danny Williams and Marga Gomez.



Sonny (Gary Ross) and a towering Cher (Greg O'Shell) brought the house down at last year's Men Behind Bars (Photo: R. Pruzan)

ching in to make MBB a success. And, all along, MBB has been an opportunity for anyone with a bit of free time to do something—sewing, painting, cleaning, errands—for the sake of the AIDS funds that would be raised.

CHANGING GEARS

"After three years," says Cvitanich, "I had just, as they say, shot my wad." Rather than burn out altogether, which would mean losing the opportunity to actively do anything about AIDS, Cvitanich and his friends took a year off from MBB.

It was never a question of *not* doing another benefit, just a matter of resting and changing gears. MBB-I had been a single performance. MBB-II was done three times. MBB-III was presented four times. And, clearly, more than four performances would be needed to handle the demand for tickets whenever MBB-IV was staged.

THE 1988 SHOW

The 1988 *Men Behind Bars* show has been in planning and



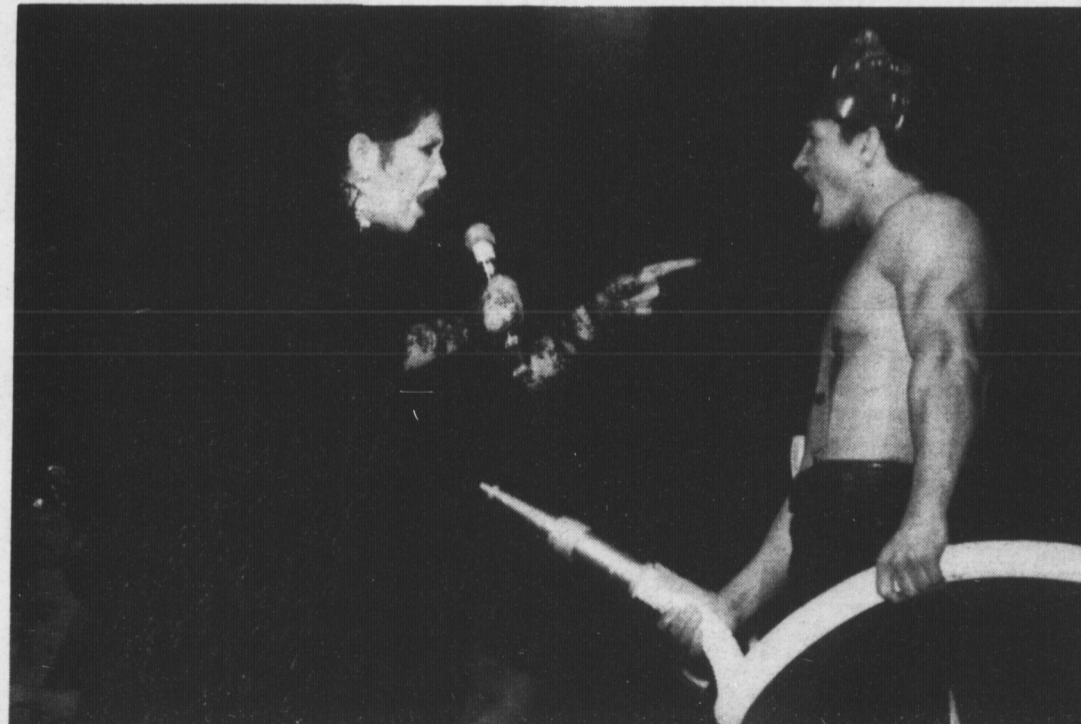
A dove comments on Marcus' performance in last year's Men Behind Bars (Photo: R. Pruzan)

Cvitanich is a lot more than easy on the eyes, Mr. Marcus dropped by for a chat. "I told him I was toying with an idea," Cvitanich recalls. "*Women Behind Bars* was playing then, and that title gave me the idea of bartenders—men behind bars—doing something together as a fundraiser for AIDS charities."

People have ideas all the time, but Cvitanich's idea went somewhere. "Suddenly it was in print, in Marcus' column in the *Bay Area Reporter*," he says, "I was doing a *Men Behind Bars* show."

That first 'bartender's folly' was followed by two more annual editions, every one of them a success. The three together raised in excess of \$30,000 for the designated community charities.

"The concept," Cvitanich says, "was always to use as many bartenders as we could in the show." On the other hand, right from the beginning a growing number of local performers and performing groups have been pit-



Gail Wilson lectures fire chief Brett Brown about his 'hose' in last year's Men Behind Bars (Photo: R. Pruzan)

"It's different this time," Cvitanich says. "It's the old kind of Mickey and Judy thing, to put on a show." Act One, in the Mickey and Judy tradition, is actually about putting a show together, rehearsing it, and about the annoying box office employee, Ms. Peckerhead, always trying to get into the act. "But," Cvitanich adds, "it's still a variety show in the sense that there are all these different silly things."

So, *Men Behind Bars IV* is a junction. *Beach Blanket Babylon*, *The Galleon*, Mickey and Judy, *All About Eve*, and *42nd Street* all come together... but hot and gay. And, according to Cvitanich, "It's also very *I Love Lucy*."

There is another difference between all the previous MBB shows and this one. Corporate and individual donors, including *Bay Area Reporter*, Absolut Vodka, and the Pilsner Inn, are offsetting the production ex-

(Continued on page 27)

'Oscar' Not So Wild

by Robert Frank

A *Portrait of Oscar Wilde* is an hyperbolic title for something that is straining even to be a caricature, with all the substance of a thin pencil sketch. This is an incomplete, rather flat rendering of the life of Wilde, the foppish and witty writer who was a famous gay man of the 19th century. Although Oscar Wilde may have been a shallow man, he is deserving of more depth than this play displayed.

The play, written by Steve Alexander, who plays Wilde, is in three acts. It lightly traces Wilde's adult life "from Ridicule to Fame to Disgrace," as the subtitle in the program proclaims. It is playing at the Music Hall Theatre on Larkin Street.

The first act contains by far the most of the Wildean epigrams, but still turns out to be the least credible of the three acts. This is due to Alexander's monotoned, clipped, lackluster delivery at a constant recitative pace, as if he were still working at remembering the lines.

His appearance doesn't help matters. Oscar Wilde was supposed to have been flamboyant ("the lily in Piccadilly"), but it is doubtful he appeared in public as a clown or as a mime-faced 1880's hippie. Alexander looked like a cross between Little Chap in *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off* and an actor left over from a 1969 production of *Godspell*.

There was none of the haughtiness and attitude Wilde was famous for. Even by this time in his life, some groundwork of the

Steve Alexander in *A Portrait of Oscar Wilde*

older man of the 1890's had to have been evident. What is portrayed here is not the Oscar Wilde of the 1880's, or any decade (except the late 1960's and early 1970's, some 70 years after his death). Perhaps an argument can be made for "sur-realism" here, but certainly never a strong one.

Suddenly, in the last part of the first act, Alexander hit his histrionic stride with the Wilde story of *The Nightingale*, who, out of love and as a symbol of the artist, gave her life to create beauty of an ultimately unappreciative, cruel, "practical" world. In fact, in each act, the strongest, most fascinating and best-acted moments were the Wilde fables serving as metaphors for that act or that period in his life. They were done poignantly and with greater depth of feeling and understanding than the interpretation of Wilde's life. The other two stories were *The Infanta's Dwarf* and *The Man Who Did Good*. Steve Alexander's talent as an actor shone brightly in these three interludes.

Alexander's performance as Oscar Wilde was less consistent. In the first half of the second act he sounded like a somewhat cultured Stan Laurel (obviously he's seen *Chumps at Oxford*). In the second half he rose to the occasion of poignantly portraying a hurt, angry, suffering Oscar Wilde, who at this point was going "from pedestal to pillory."

There is no director credited, so one must assume Steve Alexander is entirely responsible. The musical interludes are pleasing to the ear, but unnecessary. Composer Teh Kittikul has a pleasant folk-singing voice. Linette Burton was a Mime "painting" the "portrait," but the part is superfluous. There had to be more color, broad strokes and flourishes, and bas relief to Wilde's life than this play has sketched for us.

Wilde's own wit was the best feature of the whole evening, if not delivered well enough. To wit: "Brittania rules the waves—Oscar waves the rules." "Nothing succeeds like excess." "It's far better to be good-looking than to be good." "To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance." "The only time Christian bishops ever shed any light is when Nero burned them." "He knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." Wilde's own assessment of his wittiest play, *The Importance of Being Earnest*: "First act brilliant; second divine; third abominably clever."

This was the kind of spirit we needed more of, but didn't get from Alexander.

* *A Portrait of Oscar Wilde*
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STRIP AIDS USA

Cartoonists Unite For Big Project

The most important comic book of 1988 will be *STRIP AIDS USA*, a collection of work by concerned cartoonists to be published this spring by Last Gasp. Proceeds from this non-profit effort will benefit Shanti Project, a group providing support services to people with AIDS.

STRIP AIDS USA is being edited by Trina Robbins and Robert Triptow in California and Bill Sienkiewicz on the East Coast in an attempt to include the entire spectrum of American cartoonists. Some of the artists already committed to the 120-page trade paperback include such luminaries as Will Eisner, creator of *The Spirit*; Garry Trudeau of *Doonesbury* fame; the renowned satirist Jules Feifer; classic *Batman* interpreters Neil Adams and Frank Miller; Nicole Hollander of the *Sylvia* newspaper strip; Gilbert Jaime, and Mario Hernandez of the hit comic book *Love and Rockets*; underground comix veterans Howard Cruse, Roberta Gregory, Paul Mavrides, Spain Rodriguez, S. Clay Wilson, and many others.

The inspiration for *STRIP AIDS USA* came to Trina Robbins, co-author of *Women and the Comics* and creator of the *Meet Misty* and *California Girls* series, during a visit last fall to England. There she met Don Melia and Lionel Gracey-Whitman, editors of *Strip AIDS*, a "parent" publication which benefited the London Light-house. "I was incredibly excited

when I saw what they had done with *Strip AIDS*, and I thought, "We should do that, too!"

Last Gasp, publisher of alternative comics since the late 60s, is also distributing the British *Strip AIDS*. Sienkiewicz is a top-selling cartoonist for Marvel Comics, currently best known for drawing the *Electra Assassin* miniseries. Triptow edits *Gay Comix*.

The San Francisco-based Shanti Project has earmarked *STRIP AIDS USA* profits to help train other AIDS support facilities across the country. Almost every AIDS "provider" group has taken its initial training at Shanti in order to bring vital information to local areas, and visitors from as far as Europe and Asia ask Shanti Project on a daily basis for one-on-one instruction on how to provide support for people with AIDS and their loved ones.

"AIDS is, of course, a grim subject," said co-editor Triptow, "but we've encouraged artists to attempt humor and commentary without being insensitive. One of our ambitions is to humanize the situation and to help defuse the AIDS hysteria." The sole editorial policy, he stated, is to avoid depicting people with AIDS as "being at fault or deserving their malady. We don't want to dwell excessively on suffering and death. So far the results have been wonderful with pieces both sad and humorous."

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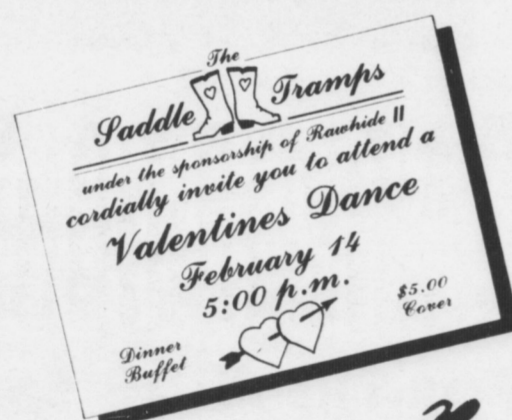


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Strong Stuff From Spain

by Steve Warren

Tras el Cristal (officially *In a Glass Cage*, but more literally and multiple-entirely *Behind the Glass*) will shock the shit out of you more than an electric enema.

It makes us realize even Luis Buñuel had his limits. While that master's spirit affects—perhaps infects—this debut feature by Augustin Villaronga, Buñuel's whimsical tales never dealt with such graphic, true-to-life horror.

Buñuel didn't get into heavy psychological S/M, let alone the physical sadism inflicted here on young boys, first in a concentration camp and later on the outside by Klaus (Günter Meisner), who learned to love it. One scene gives new meaning to the term "death blow."

Years later Klaus, injured in an accident, is confined to an iron lung in his Spanish hideaway, tended by a resentful wife (Marisa Paredes) and their daughter Rena (Gisela Echevarria). Along comes Angelo (David Sust), who, it turns out, survived Klaus' torture.

Angelo forces his way into the household posing as a nurse, blackmailing Klaus into silence with a diary he's managed to get hold of, but he's not the avenging angel his name suggests. Angelo proves to be a disciple who developed a taste for Klaus' activities and wants to carry on the tradition.

Sust is a babyfaced Matthew Broderick-type whose innocent appearance makes Angelo's



David Sust in *In A Glass Cage*

nature all the more startling. When he brings home young victims, he looks like their slightly older brother. A more experienced actor—this is Sust's first film—might have made us accept him faster, but could ultimately have done little more with the role.

A serious horror film is rare enough in this age when most of them are poking fun at themselves and each other, but a serious gay horror film—and the erotic nature of the proceedings is never forgotten, although you may not want to admit to being turned on by it, even to yourself—is almost too much to ask for,

especially a brilliant piece of work like this grim fairy tale.

Its disturbing subject matter has put limitations on the distribution of *Tras el Cristal*, which is having its U.S. premiere here at the Kabuki after showing at our gay festival last year. Get over your delicate self for two hours and expose yourself to a film you won't soon forget. ●

Tras el Cristal
Kabuki Theater
Post at Fillmore
Call 931-9800 for prices & showtimes

'68 Deals With Two Brothers

New Gay Movie Due Feb. 26

by Steve Warren

Sen. Quentin Kopp promoting a movie with a major gay character? That was enough to get out of bed for on a Monday morning. Kopp turned up at Jeremiah Tower's Stars restaurant with the producers of a locally-filmed effort called '68.

Rather than promoting the film itself, Kopp was pushing San Francisco as a movie location site and the Feb. 18 world premiere of '68 at the Palace of Fine Arts, which will be a benefit for Bread and Roses. "I'm here because of my great respect for Bread and Roses and all its accomplishments," Kopp said.

Mimi Farina, Bread and Roses founder, was on hand to say how lucky she felt that "a movie has literally been dumped in our lap" for a fundraiser. Her organization brings live entertainment to people in institutions—prisons, hospitals, substance abuse centers, etc.

The film's co-producer, Dale Djerassi, read from a newsletter that "Since late August, Bread and Roses has arranged six shows in places that house AIDS victims." Farina later apologized for the use of the word "victims." "We've been hearing about that," she acknowledged, adding that there have been two more shows for PWAs since the newsletter came out, and they're trying to raise money to do more.

Some of that money will come from the '68 premiere, for which BASS is selling tickets at \$19.68, including a party afterward with live music by musicians featured in the picture and other "local 1968 rock-and-rollers." Sponsors' tickets, starting at \$150, will include an early dinner at Stars and can be arranged through the Bread and Roses office, 381-0320.

The movie, written and directed by Steven Kovacs, is about two brothers, one of them gay, in a family of Hungarian immigrants who moved to San Francisco after the 1956 uprising in their country. The story is somewhat autobiographical, Kovacs admitted. His brother went on to own Trax, a Haight Street gay bar, earlier in this decade.

The lead actors, Eric Larson and Robert Locke (Locke plays the gay brother), both attended San Francisco State and were cast after a statewide talent search.

The third producer, with Kovacs and Djerassi, is Isabel Maxwell, a Paris-born Englishwoman who made the 1979 documentary about lesbians, *The Love That Dares Not Speak Its Name*, for British television.

'68 will have a regular run in local theaters starting Feb. 26, and New World Pictures will open it in "all major markets" thereafter, Djerassi said. ●



Co-producer Dale Djerassi shows off Time's 1968 cover as Mimi Farina and Quentin Kopp look on (Photo: S. Warren)

'Heart-To-Heart' On 16th St.

Heart To Heart II, an AIDS benefit, will be held on Valentine's weekend, Feb. 12-14, at Esta Noche, Los Portales and La India Bonita. The shows will feature impersonation, dance, and lots of fun—something for everyone.

The three different shows are being sponsored by Ronnie Salazar, Steve Stern, Alvin Walker and CURAS in conjunction with the above-named bars. CURAS (Community United in Response to AIDS/SIDA) is an organization of concerned Latino(a) lesbians and gay men and friends who have come together in response to the devastation that AIDS has brought to our communities.

While AIDS has brought grief and suffering, a lot of people have responded with loving energy and support. We reaffirm through Heart-To-Heart II, our desire for a loving, positive and creative nature that gives us strength to face this epidemic and its consequences.

Heart To Heart II will be held Feb. 12 at Esta Noche, Feb. 13 at Los Portales, and Feb. 14 at La India Bonita. There is no cover charge, however, a donation will be requested at the door. Showtime each night is 10:00 p.m. For info call 621-9294. ●

Bay Area Women's Philharmonic: Touring In Town

While the San Francisco Symphony tours Asia—Hong Kong, Taipei, Japan, and China—the Bay Area Women's Philharmonic did some cruising of their own last Saturday at First Congregational Church. "The World's Exotic Music," second in this season's four-concert series, covered several continents and featured everything from bagpipes to Balinese Gamelan.

An enthusiastic, capacity crowd cheered the diversity of the program and some exemplary performances by regular orchestra members and guest soloist Sharon Isbin, guitar. A world premiere, U.S. premiere and repeat of a recent commissioned work by Cuban composer, conductor, and pianist Tania Leon added fascination to an already promising event.

Unfortunately, the weakest composition was used as an opener. "Chimes, Fractured," a gimmicky "fun piece" from 1972 by Australian Jennifer Fowler, further explores territory previously and more convincingly charted by Charles Ives. Independent instrumental sounds—in this case, bagpipes, organ, drums, and bells—interact while winds supply a sort of connective tissue and dissonant punctuation.

Fowler is attempting a loose evocation of an experience at New Liverpool Cathedral, where an organist practiced during a Scottish wedding. A slender idea, but amusing enough had the recreation been more appealing. The main virtue of this noisy diversion lies in its sensible brevity.

Altogether more ambitious in scope, but likewise brief, is Tania Leon's "Bata," dedicated to her father. The writing is terse, exciting, and highly imaginative, but where "Chimes, Fractured" stops in the nick of time, Bata ends far too soon. Just as we have succumbed to Leon's humid atmosphere, the score breaks off abruptly.

Bata are the Afro-Cuban drums used for accompaniment in traditional rituals and festivals. Leon uses a full orchestra and three percussionists to approximate the rhythms and textures of this drumming. A solo piccolo, piquantly imitating a whistle, insinuates itself throughout, piping a nostalgic melody that counters and connects the accelerating beats. A dead stop in the frenzied activity bares the "whistle," now heard alone in the distance.

The composer was happily in attendance—able to hear an energetic and sensitive account of her work and receive the acclaim of a suitably impressed audience. "Bata" reveals Tania Leon as a beguiling talent. It is hoped her future commissions will be longer, permitting fuller opportunity to savor her adventurous inspiration.

Sharon Isbin comes to Women's Philharmonic with an impressive resume, including extensive tours, prestigious teaching posts, and numerous world-premiere performances. Her rendition of Concerto for Guitar and Small Orchestra by Villa-Lobos revealed a disciplined lyricism, perfectly in tune with the dreamy turnings and quicksilver flashes of the score. Considering the unpredictable acoustics of First Congregational, it is understandable that she was miked. The amplification altered the



Guitarist Sharon Isbin

sound of her guitar; it was close to Andreas Wollenwieder's "pop" electric harp. Still, the overall effect was enchanting, and Isbin managed the second movement cadenza with crisp articulation.

Arguably, the focal point of the evening was the world premiere of Nancy Van de Vate's lush tone poem, "Pura Besakih." The composer, widely heard by any standards for contemporary artists, is now enjoying quickened notice for her recent orchestral works issued by Conifer Records (London). I have not encountered her music before, but the mature assurance and detail of "Pura Besakih," as well as the obvious melodic gift, should spur anyone to further investigation.

Besakih, the mother temple of Bali, stands on an active volcano, the site of many sacrifices. The enveloping mists, complex terraced shrines, and turbulent history of the "supreme mountain" are all conjured dramatically in the score. Using elements of the traditional and evolving German

orchestra, as well as conventional western strings and horns, Van de Vate's temple appears clearly in the imagination. Her invention may not be as novel or daring as Tania Leon's in "Bata," but the colorful orchestration, including limpid runs on the harp and a wonderful sense of story telling, assure a solid future for "Pura Besakih."

Van de Vate was present to receive the strongest ovation of the night. As founder in 1975 of the International League of Women Composers, this must have been a particularly triumphant moment. An all-woman orchestra has just given a no-holds-barred performance of her latest work, and an excited audience was there to affirm her talent and her vision.

The concert closed on a light note with three charming folk music settings by Percy Grainger. Conductor JoAnn Falletta again secured attentive response from her musicians, bringing an unusually full and satisfying program to a happy end. ●

FEBRUARY 1988



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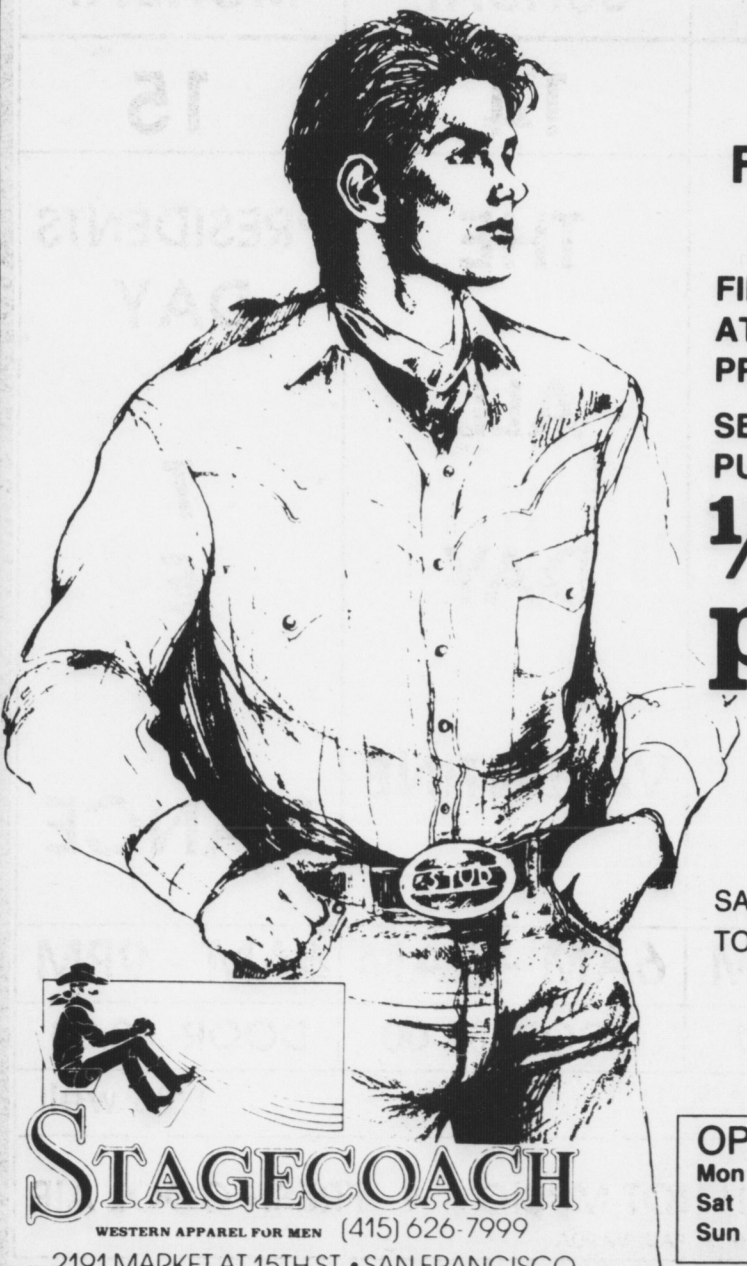
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Many voice freaks, having spent years glued to their stereos in search of pear-shaped tones, forget that the operatic literature is chock full of brutal acts which are motivated by such less-than-noble factors as lust, vengeance, anger and cruelty. Humiliation scenes play a key role in operas whose librettists have clearly outlined a character's desire to force his foe and/or romantic prey into an act of submission.

Of course, the society dowagers who flock to the opera because "it's all so glamorous" would shudder in horror if forced to confront the fact that Zandonai's *Francesca da Rimini*, Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Strauss' *Salome*, Floyd's *Susannah*, Britten's *Billy Budd*, Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* and Puccini's *Tosca* all contain clearly articulated acts of rape and/or submission. Whether or not they want to acknowledge it, these perverse moments of sadomasochism dominate the stage action and have been intentionally incorporated into the opera in order to advance its plot.

What happens, however, when a steady diet of rape, violence and bloodshed begins to numb the senses? Does the penal whipping of Monostatos become a simple source of amusement? Does Gilda's rape merely become the inspiration for some pretty tunes? Is Otello's bedroom strangling of his wife the climax of "just another snuff opera"? Or do the side effects of these acts resemble what happens to the people who watch the 11:00 o'clock news each night?

In recent months, I've agonized over the dearth of good *Tosca* productions. From all-star casts to productions with spectacular set designs; from performances mounted by the world's greatest opera companies to those staged by small regional arts organizations, one fact has become blaz-

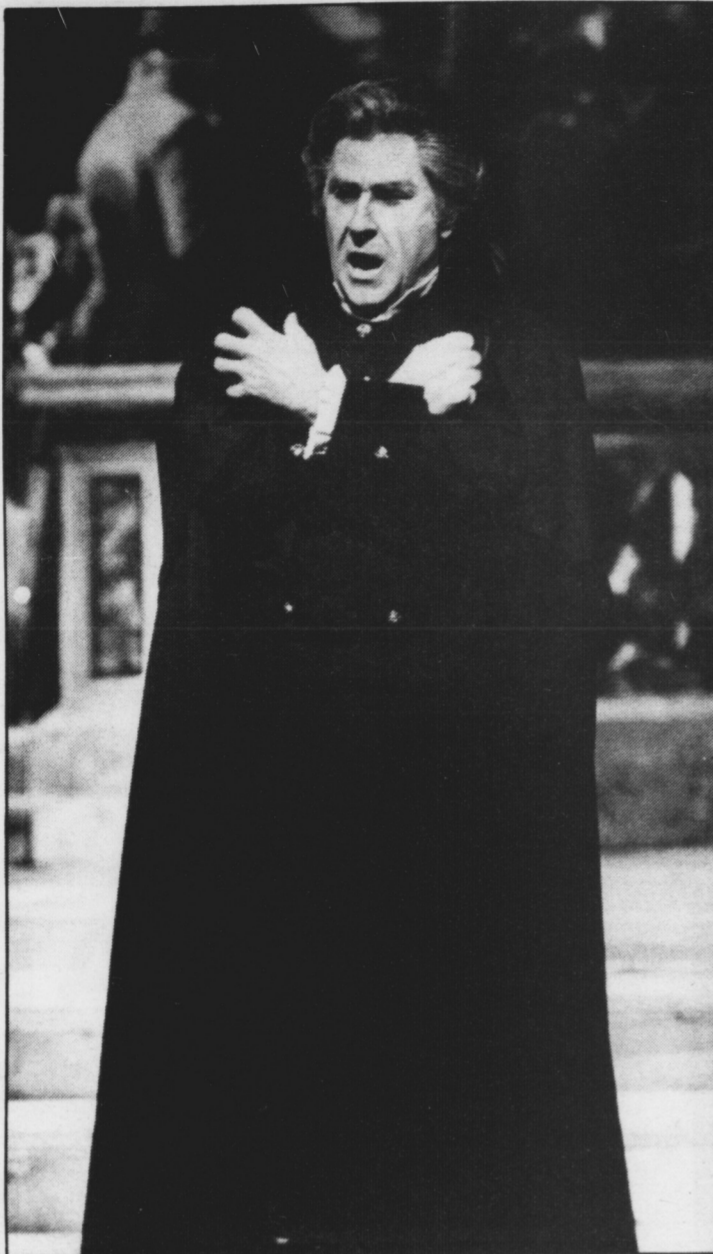
ingly clear. With just a small amount of effort, Puccini's *Tosca* can be transformed into a dynamic evening of music theatre. But when a production team is willing to let its audience be bored, that's exactly what will happen.

The two performances of *Tosca* which I attended in Lincoln Center last October provided wildly different levels of excitement because, in each case, one of the scheduled leads was either indisposed or forced to withdraw from the cast. What happened as a result was truly fascinating.

HO-HUM, ANOTHER BEATING!

When illness forced soprano Eva Marton to cancel a performance of *Tosca* at the Met, the title was taken over by Marilyn Zschau. Fresh from acting up a storm in the Los Angeles Music Center Opera Association's controversial production of Prokofiev's *The Fiery Angel*, Zschau did her best to carry the intensity of her acting cross-country. Alas, hers was an uphill battle due to (a) the wild splay of her voice, (b) the wooden acting of her Cavaradossi, Giuseppe Giacomini, (c) the crushing weight of Franco Zeffirelli's gargantuan production and (d) the sluggish inertia of any tired Met revival.

Giacomini, who developed some phlegm problems, sang well for most of the evening in a carefully controlled way. Sherrill Milnes' Scarpia showed glimmers of malice during his Act II confrontation with *Tosca*. However, despite her vocal eagerness to please and some overly excited histrionics, Zschau could do little to conquer the Met audience's basic level of stupefaction or its palpable disappointment at not hearing Eva Marton sing the title role. Although conductor Christian Badaea did some aggressively interesting work in the pit, this performance turned out



Can you guess which instruments of torture are hidden under Sherrill Milnes' cape in this scene from the Met's production of Puccini's *Tosca*?

to be a routine run-through of Puccini's popular opera with hardly any sense of dramatic tension or musical excitement.

TORTURES UNRELENTING

Quite the opposite could be said of the New York City Opera's *Tosca* which, using Donald Oenslager's aging sets, scored an unmitigated triumph. The forces which transformed NYCO's pro-

duction of the very same opera into such an exciting evening of music theatre were painfully obvious when compared to the artistic mess which could be seen aimlessly riding up and down the Met's stage elevators.

At City Opera, conductor Alessandro Siciliani's maniacally shifting tempos (which often resembled what happens when some mad Italian tries to weave his sports car in and out of traffic lanes during Rome's rush-hour) kept the singers—and many in the audience—wondering what could possibly happen next. Jacqueline Jones' Super-titles (which gave viewers a much more effective translation of the libretto than the titles I've seen in other opera houses) similarly kept the audience on the edge of its seats.

Last, but certainly not least, Frank Corsaro's direction showed *Tosca* and Cavaradossi to be genuinely jealous lovers as opposed to the standard maneuverings of a soprano and tenor who are busily keeping an eye on the prompter's box. The addition of two simple pieces of furniture to the Act I set—a chair and settee on which Cavaradossi could rest in between bursts of painting—allowed the lovers to relax in church while good-naturedly teasing and flirting with each other. A rare touch and a welcome one.

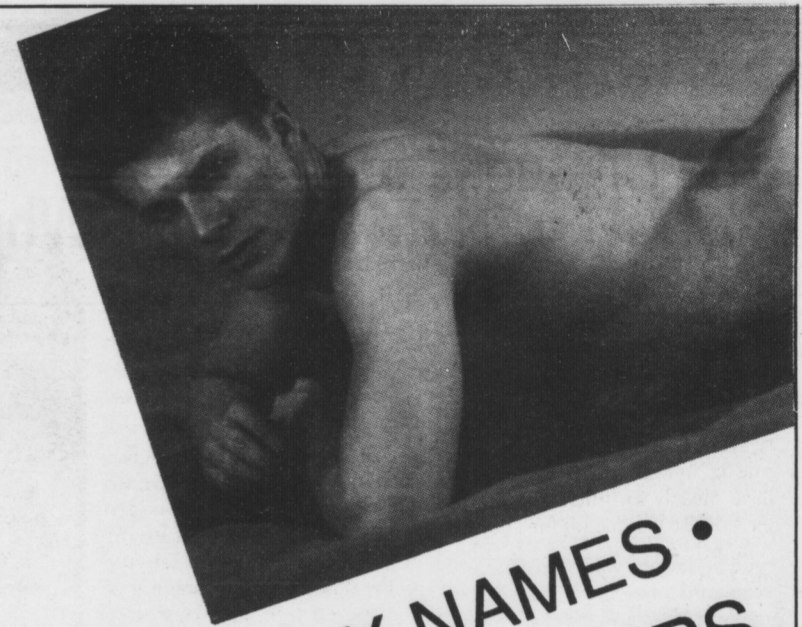
In Act II of Corsaro's production, *Tosca* doesn't settle for one simple thrust of the knife. Instead, she keeps plunging the blade into Scarpia until she knows for sure that he's a goner—an effect which easily rivaled some of the gore seen on television. This restaging not only gave the evening its proper sense of blood and guts melodrama, it left the audience jumping with excitement.

Although it had been announced that Richard Grayson was indisposed on the night I attended City Opera's *Tosca*, the tenor delivered what may well have been one of the best Cavaradossi's of his career. His impassioned singing, complete with brilliant high notes, was far more exciting than Giacomini's cautiously-crafted performance across the plaza. Special mention should be made of Richard McKee's extremely sympathetic Sacristan; a characterization which relied upon humanity rather than shtick to make its dramatic points clear.

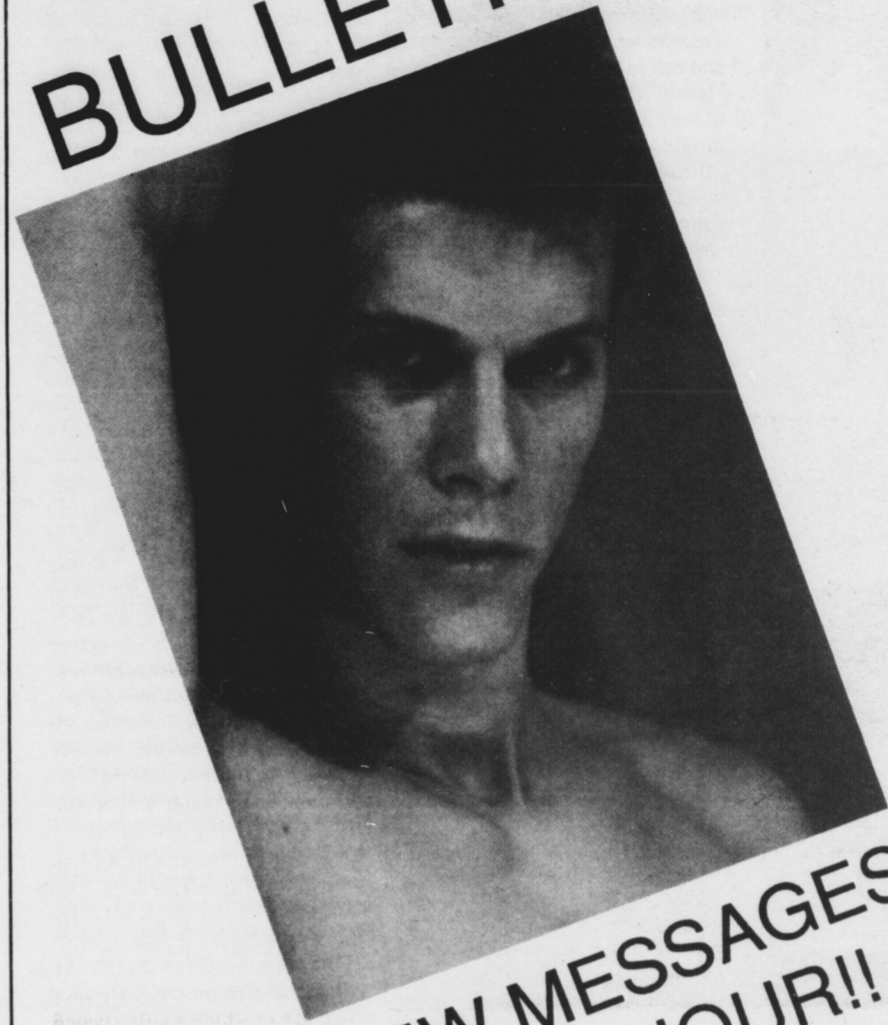
Linda Roark-Strummer's magnificently tall and sensual *Tosca* was a joy to watch and hear. Her full-throated voice carries effectively through the New York State Theatre and the soprano is a secure enough actress that, when her costume remained stubbornly caught on some scaffolding, she could keep performing without becoming unnerved.

In his City Opera debut, Roger Roloff portrayed Scarpia as the kind of nerdy scumbag who might have been promoted to chief of police simply because no one else had as much tenure. This Scarpia was the kind of twisted soul whose sadistic joys spring from a profound inability to imagine anything in a lighter vein. Having immensely enjoyed Roloff's work as Wotan in the Seattle *Ring* cycle, I was delighted to discover that his Scarpia was both well-sung and brilliantly capable of communicating the sadistic malice of a truly repressed and fucked up bureaucrat.

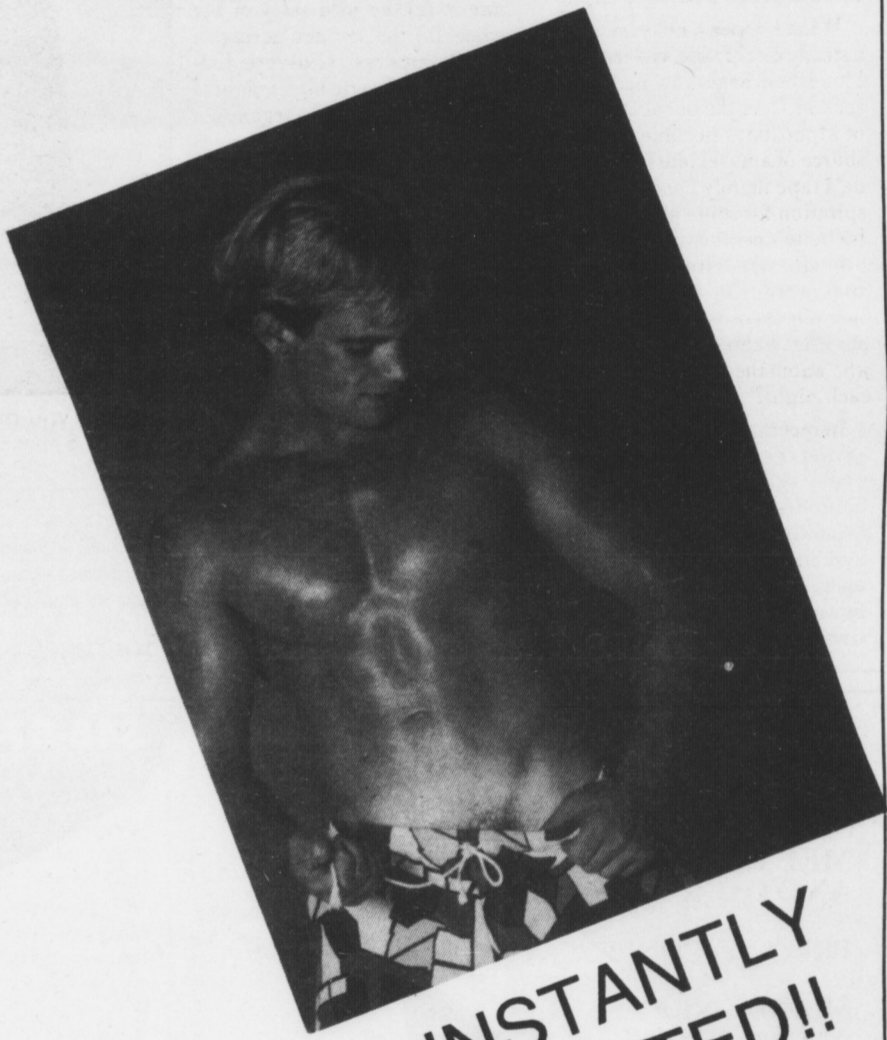
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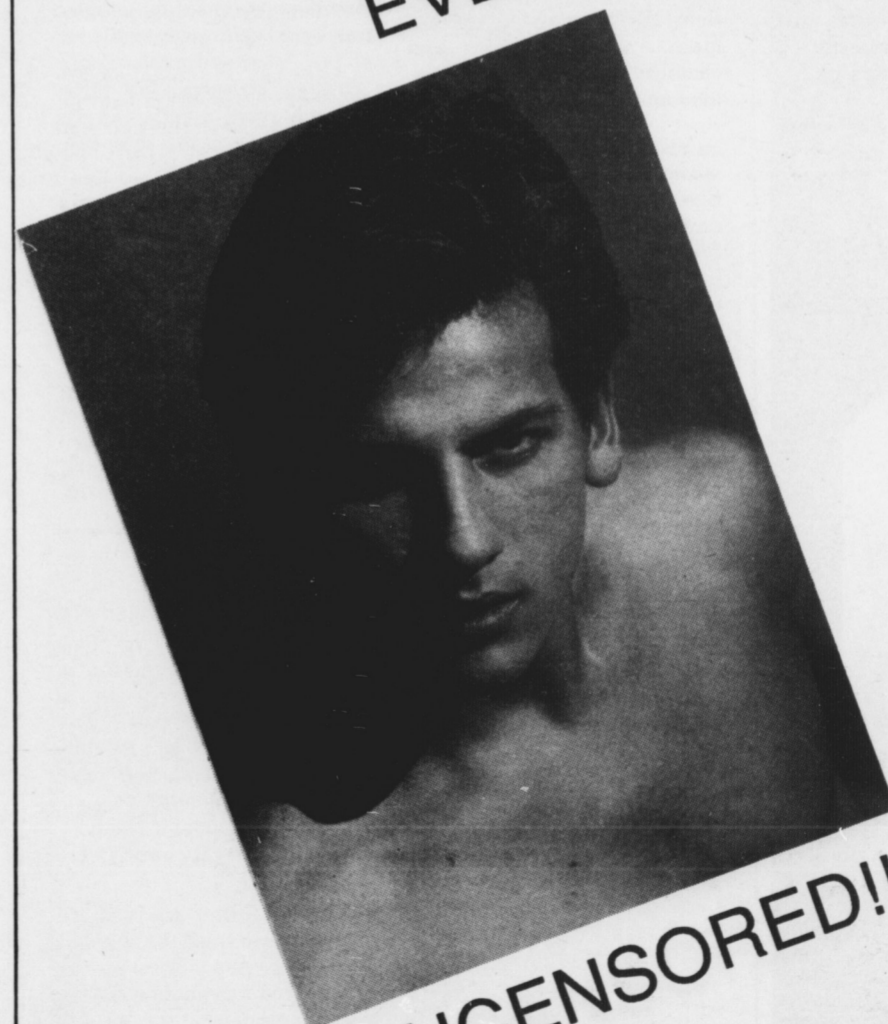
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Illustration by Laura H. Young

Check A Sampling of Both on Feb. 18

Virgil Thomson: The Man Who Made Gertrude Stein Musical

by Joseph W. Bean

Once upon a time, in a world so unlike our own that we can almost not believe in it today, there were American artists of every stripe and sort living in Paris. This was in the 1920s and the decades surrounding the 20s. Among the artists there were Gertrude Stein, who wrote enigmatic prose and even more puzzling poetry, plays, and operas, and Virgil Thomson who composed music.

Stein created a portrait of Thomson in poetry. It is actually a dual portrait called *A Portrait of Virgil and Ernest*, including Thomson's lover of that time. And, Thomson composed a portrait of Stein. When she sat for her portrait Stein was in her 50s, but Thomson titled his piece *A Portrait of Miss Stein as a Young Woman*.

Then, over the years, Thomson became Stein's champion, arranging publication for many of her books—despite the fact that virtually no one was reading them—and collaborating with her to create operas. In fact, according to Thomson, at least two of Stein's operas were written for him, "on themes," he says, "thought up by me."

As Thomson became a recognized composer, he also became a much respected music critic. And, over the nearly seven



Virgil Thomson

decades during which he was writing about music, he consistently put forward the notion that composers were the best pos-

sible critics of music. Other composers have tried to follow in Thomson's footsteps by criticizing music in print, yet the fact re-

mains that not composers generally, but Thomson specifically was a great critic (still is, when he cares to say or write anything). Some of his critical essays, often ones that were written several decades ago, are still trotted out and run as "advances" or even as "guest reviews" when certain pieces of Twentieth Century music are performed today. (Although, of course, not everyone agrees with his opinions, and some people always disagree strongly.)

Fame and a degree of fortune accumulated around Thomson, and around just about any musician he deeply approved of. "But," as John Rockwell wrote in 1981, "as a Missourian who attended Harvard, an American in Paris, a musician among critics, and a critic among musicians, he has really always been a bit of an outsider."

Rockwell didn't mention, and really needn't have mentioned that Thomson's being out about his homosexuality—thanks in part to Stein's portrait of him and Ernest—also contributed to his being an outsider.

Nonetheless as composer, critic, writer of books, and ringmaster of several modern music movements, Thomson at 91 has become not an outsider at all, but one of the few centers around which any serious study of the music of our century develops. If his own music has been considered peripheral to the mainstream of Western music over the past 70 years, that is an error that is now being addressed, as more and more productions of his operas and performances of his concert and chamber music are being scheduled all the time.

A sampling of Thomson's music, including his portraits of Gertrude Stein and Lou Harrison and his settings of some of Stein's poetry will be performed in a *Performances at Six* concert on Thursday, Feb. 18, at 6 p.m. in the Cultured Salad Restaurant (Embarcadero Center). Tickets for *Performances at Six* are sold at the door only, for just \$5.00 each including a 'free' glass of wine, and there are only a little over 100 seats. Be there early if

you don't want to be disappointed.

Also, in the City Summer Opera season this year, Judith Hubbell will be directing a production of a Stein-Thomson opera, *Mother of Us All* which is based, in a "Stein-ese" way, on the life of Susan B. Anthony. Even though most people find Stein's texts more than a little hard to penetrate, Thomson says that the libretto for "Mother" is "completely clear, and in no way

In a conversation with Rockwell, Thomson referred to his score for "Mother" as "primitive (that is, not "graceful") nineteenth century" work. Primitive or graceful, Nineteenth or Twentieth Century, done as "a spectacle"—which is Thomson's description of the Santa Fe Opera's version—or done "smallish"—Thomson's word for the usual style of producing it—"Mother" is a masterpiece of poetry and music.

Thomson has grown snippy over the years, uncomfortable at his age with the demands of publicity and the public, but his books and music continue to speak well for him, and they are getting more and more opportunities to do so. The problem, if there is one, for music lovers and book readers, is to go on believing that the stories of Paris in and around the 20s are true.

And, for gay people, the added problem is to remember with pride that our gay forebears were there, were the movers and shakers in an artistic revolution that continues to reverberate even now. As times and popular tastes grow up to embrace the art of the "charmed circles" and "brilliant eccentrics" of those fairy-tale years in Paris, the element that is lost is that these people were gay.

Certainly, Encyclopaedia Britannica is not going to mention anything of the sort. After all, Ernest doesn't even get a footnote in the Encyclopaedia under Stein's works or Thomson's life. It's up to us to know and care for our own history and history-makers, and an important part of that is the legendary Virgil Thomson with his books and music. ●

Band Fndtn Seeks Board Members

The San Francisco Band Foundation is seeking individuals from the community for election to the 1988-1989 Board of Directors of the Foundation.

The SBBF is a nonprofit community organization and includes the following groups: The San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps (a concert band and twirling corps); The San Francisco FLAG Corps (a flag corps); The Tap Troupe (a dance company); City Swing (a stage band); The Vocal Minority (a vocal ensemble); and The Aides-De-Camp (the volunteer group and parade color guard).

Board members (currently 14) are elected at large by the membership of the Foundation in March of each year for a 12-month term. The position requires about 10 hours each month. Board members from all areas of the community are encouraged to apply for the position. All backgrounds are welcome.

Persons other than board members can assist the board by becoming Associates of the Board. For information on the Board of Directors or the Associates call or write the Foundation office at 1519 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94103, 621-5619. ●

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BAY AREA REPORTER B. A. R. BAZAAR

Mr. Marcus

Living It Up With Bartenders and Bikers This Weekend

You'll be rolling in the aisles with laughter and applauding individual performers at Men Behind Bars (the bartenders folly) and at the Barbary Coasters M/C Motorcycle Awards. Actually, MBB opens tonight with a performance for AIDS/ARC patients only, but there are plenty of seats left for the matinee performances Sunday and Monday at the Victoria Theatre box office. I've seen the close-to-100-person cast go through the grueling rehearsals and believe me, you will not regret seeing this year's edition! With Ms. Peckerhead, Gail Wilson, the SF Tap Troupe, City Swing, and the Follies Men all cued up to perfection, the six performances are practically sold out and you're in for a wonderful treat with comedy, music, dancing, and lots of silly skits that will tickle your funny bone(s).

Bike club members are all a-flutter too as they participate in the annual ritual of awarding those outstanding weekend runs, one-day runs, best food on a run, best show on a run, individual and group show performance, as well as outstanding motorcycle events on a run both in and out of town. Puddles Dysart and John Wilson will provide the lights, music, and sound, and various club members and independents will present the awards.

It's a weekend of highs all around, and if you haven't got your tickets you better hurry. Don't be left out in the cold (or heat, depending on the weather).



Wetting down a contestant at last week's Wet Shorts contest at the Endup (Photo: R. Pruzan)

The entire cast of MBB is hoping it will not rain—the vets of the last edition of MBB recall their

damp dressing rooms last time around.

★ ♥ ★

Last weekend was the beginning of a grueling month for all who are active in this community. Saturday night, ACT presented a benefit performance of *Diamond Lil* for Open Hand. The show was great and Gretchen Wyler has her part down. The packed house (especially the straight audience) wasn't ready for the Mae West/Diamond Lil Look-Alike contest after the performance. Some 11 men and women paraded before judges Lily Tomlin, Wayne Shannon, Gretchen Wyler, Warren Hinkle, and Ann Fraser to decide who looked/acted/mimed the most like dear old Mae.

Escorted by a bevy of muscular dudes, each contestant made an appearance and did their shtick for the bemused judges. In the end, Irene Solderberg captured the \$150 prize and MC Micheal McShane learned the hard way that his wonderful ad-libbing elicited just as much chutzpah as he had from the contestants. It was a riotous evening, and all for the benefit of Open Hand.

Saturday night, the California Eagles M/C celebrated its 4th Anniversary and introduced new officers at the SF-Eagle patio from 1700-2100 hours. Outgoing prez Bill wrote the script for MC Danny Williams and honey, if you think there's dish in this column,

(Continued on next page)



A happy couple at the Sadie Hawkins Day beer bust at the Eagle (Photo: S. Martin)

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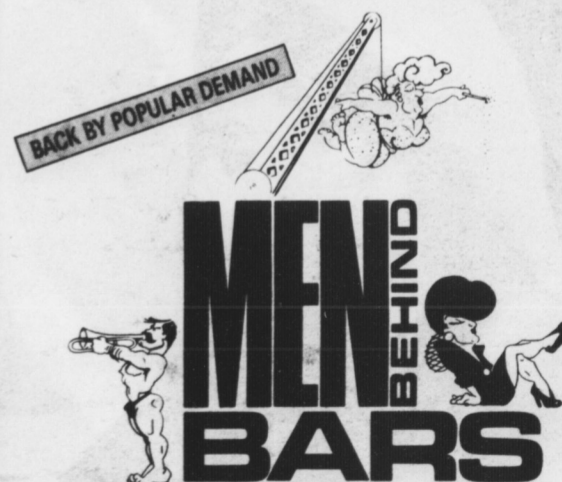
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Marcus

(Continued from previous page)

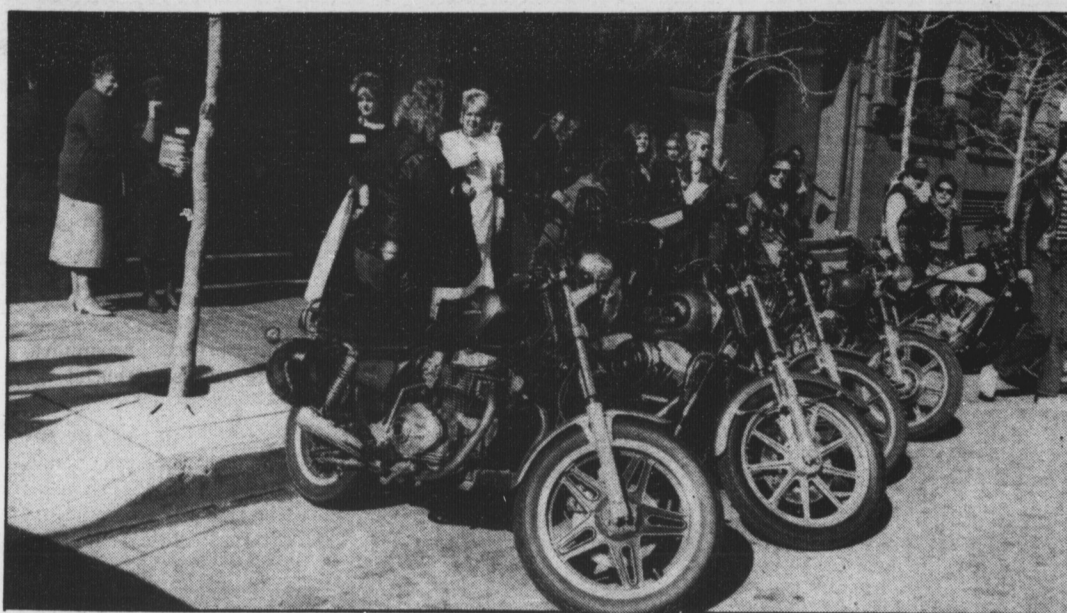
you should have heard the dish that night! By the time Marga Gomez got to the stage to do her act, the bellies in attendance were aching acutely. It was so funny! And bitchy! Nevertheless, La Marga managed to get the crowd in another state of rapture with her rapid-fire dialogue that had everyone in stitches. The great buffet was devoured in no time, and the new officers of the club for the coming year were introduced. Lots of other club members in dress uniform were in attendance, attesting to the great popularity of the Cal Eagles.

Across town, that workhorse for more charities than I can list here, George Burgess, hosted his 50th birthday party with another horde of well-wishers on hand for the occasion. Another ton of pennies was collected and Tanya Neiman (GGBA Foundation director) was there in a dress! And quite spiffy too! Needless to say she captured a lot of attention:

Some straight friends of George's were aghast at all the uniforms on the premises, prompting the husband of one lady to inquire of George: "Is this a bad neighborhood or something? Why are there so many security guards here?"

Sunday, the great weather brought out a good crowd for the beer bust at the SF-Eagle, ending a three-day birthday marathon by Grand Duchess Flame, who had previous activities in other parts of town the two preceding nights. One dude at the Eagle was still crying in his beer over the fact that the Denver Broncos lost their asses in the Super Bowl, but a couple of hours with Stella and several cocktails soon ended those doldrums. It was a good weekend for those with the spirit.

★ ♥ ★
This weekend? Well tonight, Thursday, Feb. 11, is the Bare Chest Contest at the SF-Eagle to name Mr. March on the 1989 Calendar. International Mr. Leather Tom Karasch will



KPIX's 'People Are Talking' had a show on women bikers last week, and passersby couldn't quite believe their eyes when the women emerged from the TV studio and roared away (Photo: Photo Graphics/Darlene)

be one of the judges. A special cocktail party in his honor will be held on Wednesday, 17 Feb., for the IML Travel Fund; only \$20 will get you an autographed copy of the International Mr. Leather Contest Video held in Chicago last May. This special commemorative video tape (in VHS or Beta) is autographed by Tom himself and numbered. Call MEN video for details.

Men Behind Bars plays all weekend at the Victoria Theatre — there are matinee performance seats (Sunday and Monday) in the box office at the Victoria Theatre, so if you don't have yours, get busy! There are people coming here from New York; Houston; Boston; Atlanta; Miami; Los Angeles; and Sydney, Australia. Hope to see all of you there!

In case you haven't heard, Puttin' on the Titz at Sutter's Mill has been changed to Puttin' on the Clitz. For reservations (and they're packed!) call 894-2053. Everybody's raving about Wally Rutherford's latest effort, so don't be left out!

Hey, 25 theaters in SF are encouraging you to bring canned goods to their performances all next week (Feb. 8-14) for the AIDS Foundation Food Bank, so bring your canned things to Men Behind Bars when you go.

It's Valentine's Day this weekend, and the Trocadero will be having its annual Red Party this Saturday night, Feb. 13, from 2200 until dawn, and the ducats are \$10 with no Troc ID required.

Jim Ward of LA's Gauntlet will be in town this weekend (Feb. 12-14) to do any piercing you desire. He'll be at a pagan faery piercing Friday night from 1900 to Midnight (call 621-6294); at Mister S on Saturday, 13 Feb., from 1200 to 1700; and at Image Leather Sunday for a leather auction/beer bust from 1500-1800 (\$7) for the AIDS Daycare Center.

Tuesday, 16 Feb., they're having a Mardi Gras party at the Pilsner Inn with Wally Sherwood and Eddie hosting. Wally and Eddie are reportedly on the cover of the Janus Society newsletter, but no one around here has seen it yet!

If you're in Grand Rapids, Michigan Thursday the 18th, you'll get to meet Empress XII Jane Doe, who will be in the receiving line at the brand spanking new De Vos Hall for a major AIDS fundraiser. The \$50 tickets entitle you to meet Jane, Michigan Governor Blanchard, the mayor of Grand Rapids, and other celebs, including Bill Volcom, whose new major work will be performed that night. Jane hasn't decided whether she

will attend in drag or not! In Grand Rapids? Jane has the distinction of being the longest living AIDS patient in the state of Michigan, and has become a righteous advocate and fundraiser for other AIDS patients and organizations there. Bravo! Needless to say, the Empress will not be here for MBB or the coronation, but can you blame her?

Lily Tomlin is an activist, too. She's made 300 seats available for her *Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe* at the Curran on Thursday, 24 Feb., for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Tickets for this performance are \$75 (includes a party with her after the show) or \$40. Mail requests should be sent to AEF, 1550 California St., SF 94109, or call 986-3185. Do it now!

At the Theatre Rhino a double bill (*In Circles* and *Talking to the Sun*) opens on 19 Feb. (through March 20) with the powerhouse John Karr directing. Tickets are \$8 so call 861-5079 for your seats!

DISH-TINGUISHED CITIZENS IN ACTION

Latest Flash! Be a Roman resigned from the Shanti Project abruptly last week? There's gotta be a story there somewhere!

And everyone was tittering and tying up the phones last week when a woman wrote in to Dear Abby to moan that her sister was practicing S&M and what should she do? As usual, Dear Abby didn't do her homework and stated: "S&M cannot be considered normal behavior" — tsk-tsk, Abby, that's what you get for listening to non-leather queens.

Item #2 that should be in Nez Pas' column (No, I didn't try to call you!): They have a neat little 1988 calendar they're selling at Big Mama's in Oakland for only \$2 to benefit the East Bay Assistance Fund (like our AIDS Emergency Fund). No contests were held, no prizes were given out — just photos of hot men (12 of 'em) — and at least one of the bartenders at Big Mama's should be on it! Photos by Stan Wolf; design by Jim Philips. You should have one, really! Hi, Nez: had any Pas lately?

That wraps it up for this week; hope to see you at all the events coming your way. If not, keep your legs crossed, your thighs covered, out of the bushes, and your hands in your pocket for the charities. Have fun!

P.S. Hope to see you all at the AIDS Emergency Fund benefit performance of Julie Harris as *Charlotte Brontë*, Sunday, 14 Feb. at the Marines Memorial — only \$50 for the show and a reception with Julie afterwards, or \$25. ●

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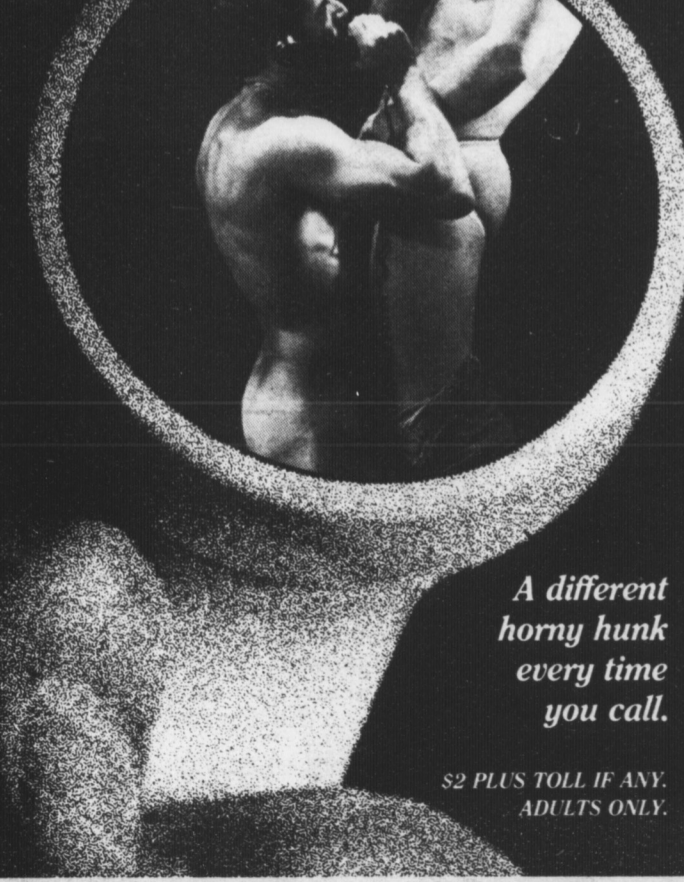
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The winner of the Diamond Lil/Mae West Look-Alike contest (Photo: Photo Graphics/Darlene)

Mark Friese

Let's Like, Stay In Tune!



Mark Friese in his ever-so-handsome get-up for MBB III (Photo: R. Pruzan)

And that concludes another thrilling race for the crowns in San Francisco" would seem to be the proper words to be echoed when the C.P.A. locks the ballot box for the Emperor and Empress election this Saturday at 6 p.m. The results will remain a mystery until that magical moment on Coronation night.

I know there are quite a few people out there who regard all of this as nonsense, and/or tired, and I will not trot out the history of how many hundreds of thousands of dollars the "camp" titles of this city, and others throughout the U.S. have raised for charities, with the major portion of those monies raised these days going to a vast array of worthwhile charities.

Billy Ray, Stanley, Steve, Lily, Patsy, and Vinnie are the candidates this year, and despite the fact that they knew, or knew of, each other, they all have most likely stumbled on to a few startling facts about each other as their paths crisscrossed through the various gay areas of the city. Some areas are totally new to these people, and their hardworking committees, without whom they couldn't do it.

Oh yes, don't think for one moment these races are not without major "behind-the-scenes" intrigue. Toss in some old-time bitchiness, and don't forget to throw in quite a few good times all of these people have with old, and new friends, and you have got the craziest, enlightening, and sometimes splendid six weeks you could possibly imagine, providing you have a vivid imagination.

If you want it in a nutshell I guess I just want to say all the people involved in this type of trip really enjoy all this, and are just one of the various diversified groups that have fun being gay

together, and if you throw all the various groups in the city together it would be quite clear that our diversity is what makes us a community, something not too many minorities can enjoy.

So, if you are somewhere this Saturday, between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., and some person pops by wherever you might be, and they are announcing they will provide you with transportation to and from the polls, maybe you might just take a ride with them to the San Franciscan Hotel and vote. After all, they deserve your support too!

The Coronation will be held at the Sheraton Palace on the 20th of this month with the winners being announced at the climax of the evening's festivities. Tickets are still available by contacting Ken Wright at 558-8322.

In the midst of all this campaigning there are the rehearsals for the 4th edition of Men Behind Bars, and yes they have managed to top themselves once again. This spirited production will be taking over the stage of the Victoria Theatre this weekend with performances at 8 p.m. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, with matinees at 2 p.m. on Sunday and Monday. There are still tickets left, and they are available at Headlines if you hurry. The souvenir T-shirts and sweatshirts are available in the Castro at Mainline Gifts. Thank you Jim and Mark for including me again, and all of you will thank yourselves if you make sure you are included in one of the six performances.

And if all the aforementioned wasn't enough, we now have the decision of which party we will celebrate Valentine's Day at, and also if we think we are sweetheart material and should seek out one of the many titles bars bestow in conjunction with St. Valentine's Day.

The Mint will hold its first annual Valentines Day Darling Party and Contest between the hours of 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., with a voting ticket given with each beverage purchased, which you then use to vote for the candidate of your choice. There will be a trophy for the winner, and various other prizes. The applications are now available at the Mint.

Ginger's Too, where my younger sister puts in her time, will be the scene of the crime this Saturday at 8 p.m. when they try to find anyone tasteless enough to enter the Sweetlips look-alike contest. Several contestants come to mind, but in this instance I do believe I shall exercise some taste by censoring myself. There will

be some peachy keen prizes, and they will also be serving a special gourmet Valentine's dinner Saturday and Sunday for a mere \$10.


The Alamo Square Saloon is open, once again, and they are in the process of getting their restaurant, Odds & Ends, open full-time. There have been quite a few improvements, and of course some they couldn't improve on, like Mama Leanna and a lot of nice regulars. There are a few people in town who use it as their getaway, two of whom are Michael Bowman and Bruce Harrellson who were recently spotted having smart cocktails with the charming Steve Webb behind the bar. Steve is making a move and will be working at the Crystal Pistol. Can't keep him out of the

Mission, but they do have Warren Gerber, Jim Johner, and Gaby will be back after he recuperates after his stay in the hospital. They also have space available for parties and meetings, and you can get more info on that by calling Warren at 552-4494. Drop by for their Sweethearts party Sunday and check them out.

V.D. festivities will be held Saturday, the 13th, at the Kokpit. They will start with Mr. Lee's Ona's brunch-for-all at 9 a.m. which will probably go on until noonish. Later that evening they will be having their Mr. and Miss Cupid contest, but you receive a vote with each beverage purchased during the day. Did you know Mr. Lee's Ona's great great aunt

(Continued on next page)

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If it's Valentine's Day weekend, it must be time to vote for Emperor and Empress again! (Photo: S. Martin)

Friese
(Continued from previous page)

was in National Geographic? I wanna be on that committee.

To give credit where credit is due would be to let you know that the vote-per-drink concept got its start at the New Bell Saloon, as far as I know, and they successfully used it for many years. The New Bell has been sold, so at this time it was uncertain about a Sweethearts contest at the Bell this year.

Trocadero once again presents The Red Party this Saturday evening, with this year's edition being labeled Red Hot Hits. Steve Smith will be spinning the music for the evening's frolic, and he will not play anything that wasn't a hit. The press release refers to many people being dissatisfied with a lot of the obscure music (weird) that is being played in clubs today, and from my experience I would say that is putting it mildly. So you can rest assured that yes you will hear some of your favorite cha-cha tunes from the time the doors open at 10 p.m. until they close at dawn. General admission is \$10, no Troc I.D. is required, and you would be right in step if you were to wear something, or everything, red.

The next Tavern Guild meeting (rumors are flying hot and heavy for the presidency), will be at the Galleon this Tuesday at 1 p.m. While you are there you might want to submit a name for the G.S.L. team the Galleon will be sponsoring this year. First prize will be dinner for four at the Galleon, and all entries must be submitted by Feb. 29.

Mardi Gras At The Pilsner Inn

Pilsner Inn, on San Francisco's Silver Strip, will again be hosting a "true" Mardi Gras party again this year. Mardi Gras (French for "Fat Tuesday," the last day of the Carnival season which starts Jan. 6 after 12th Night, the last day of Christmas) falls on February 16 this year.

Decorations for the affair also again will feature authentic Mardi Gras flags from New Orleans, provided by newcomers to San Francisco, Wally Sherwood and Eddie Cunningham. The banners (in the traditional Carnival colors of purple, green and gold) originally hung from their four balconies in the French Quarter, located on the main parade route. Sherwood, who received a citation calling him "Mr. Mardi Gras," has reigned as the King of Carnival, was chosen as consort to the Queen of Carnival and served as a duke to the King and Queen of Mardi Gras.

The party is being put together by one of the Pilsner Inn bartenders, Frank, also from Louisiana and is importing genuine Cajun food for the occasion. For more information, Frank may be contacted by telephoning 621-7058, or contact Wally Sherwood at 995-5018.

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Media Watch

SF Magazine Remembers Tom Waddell From '87

by Bob Woolhouse

The current S.F. Magazine emerges with its annual proclamation of the best and worst of local trendiness. It trots out the usual media places and types from the Washington Square Bar & Grill to Herb Caen. The S.F. gay community apparently does not place even in the best waiters, bars and bartenders categories. Not even best dive, if you can believe it.

Still, bouquets are thrown to Randy Shiels for *The Band Played On*, Peter Mintum who plays on at L'Etoile, and Dolores St. (not an empress candidate).

The ten-page listing does, however, conclude with "Goodbye & Know That We Shall Overcome This Too: Tom Waddell, 49, physician, Olympic Decathlon athlete, respected and revered community worker—and the others who died of AIDS in S.F. in 1987."

COVER STORY

The N.Y. Times Magazine features George Whitmore, freelance journalist, and says, "Having written about the devastating effects of AIDS on others, the author now describes the impact of the disease upon himself."

Whitmore writes, "I was trying to bargain with AIDS. If I wrote about it, maybe I wouldn't get it. But AIDS didn't keep its part of the bargain," from his book to be published in April, *Someone Was Here*.

WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE

In the New York Times Book Review, Margaret Erhart, lesbian author of *Unusual Company*, declares, "I'm a bit distressed about the tendency to set up a block of gay fiction and poetry. When I hear people saying, 'This could be a straight couple,' I feel very happy. Sometimes in feminist criticism, that's a sharp knife. For me it's a relief."

FEMINIST'S PERSPECTIVE

"Men have friends, but it's not the same as all as friendship between women... Men talk about things they share an interest in but are outside of themselves... Good women friends talk about personal issues and themselves. Women rely on one another emotionally in ways men do not. Women also have higher expectations of one another than they do of men. Women don't have high expectations of men. Deeply we don't really expect them to be there. When men are responsive, it's sometimes hard to digest." Louise Eichenbaum, N.Y. Times Book Review, on her new book, *Between Women*.

BOOBY PRIZE

Village Voice hands out a belated Scoop Of The Year Award to the New York Times for its December story on the 30-city AIDS survey—five weeks after it appeared in the Washington Post.

WASHINGTON DEJA VU

Harpers Magazine in its article, "It Dare Not Speak Its Name," by Christopher Hitchens, reveals, "Homosexual intrigue in the news room of the Washington Post was so intense that poor Ben Bradlee (Editor) had no one on whom he could turn his back..."



Tom Waddell (Photo: M. Hicks)

"Concerned Americans for Individual Rights could fill a substantial Washington home for a cocktail party with nearly a hundred gay men representing positions on the White House staff to offices of the most conservative Republican senators and congressmen, the Republican National Committee and all parts of the Reagan Administration." Names supplied upon request?

LUSCIOUS LAYOUT

S.F. Gentry Magazine comes up with a Pride in Urban Living section. One ad features three topless young men photographed at work refinishing a hardwood floor. Their company is called Three Lovers Floor Decorators and is located at 230 Rich St. in S.F. The visuals ring a bell; so does the address if you remember the Roaring 1970s down there by the So. Pacific train depot.

RAMBO REACTION

Rolling Stone reveals about New York talk show host, Morton Downey, Jr. (son of the old-time tenor): "In one notorious incident he went too far. During the taping of an unaired show on Catholicism, a gay rights activist suggested that Downey's three marriages might not reflect well on the depth of his faith, to which Downey replied, 'Keep your bodily fluids to yourself.' More insults were traded and finally Downey slapped the man across the face. That scuffle has since resulted in a lawsuit still pending."

SEXUAL CONFUSION

Also in the Stone: "She's a dream goddess/symbol gone wrong," says Annie Lennox of the woman she plays in *I Need A Man and You've Placed a Chill In My Heart*, the second and third video from the Eurhythms album, *Savage*. She's a parody of what men have found attractive in women. She's become a parody of herself and ultimately looks like a man in drag."

Hopefully in best Mae West tradition.

IS THAT ALL?

The London Times in an article about Lord Byron and the fight for Greek independence in the last century quotes an Athens student: "I don't know much about Lord Byron except that he died in the battle for our freedom, he wrote famous poetry and he was queer."

My dear, what else is there? ●

BOOKS

Whoopee for Hooplas!

Hooplas: Odes for Odd Occasions by James Broughton Pennywhistle Press, \$8.95

by Marv. Shaw

"Hoopla!" cried the coachman of yore as the stage he was driving lurched into speed. From that beginning, the term has come to mean anything excited, furious, reckless. *Hoopla!* was also Clara Bow's last movie, a carnie tale, but that might not be the point. It is most germane, however, to recognize that longtime poet and filmmaker Broughton cracks his whip here and takes us careening through quite a trip.

This anthology embraces 30 years of very personal poetry, most of it directed to people he has known: painter Jean Varda, ex-mate Pauline Kael, fellow poet Robert Duncan, philosopher Alan Watts, editor Mark Thompson, teacher Marjorie Bailey, and a wealth more. The occasions are sometimes momentous, such as the awarding of an academic degree, sometimes quietly singular, such as a birthday.

The tones are jocular, affectionate, kidding, respectful—a terrific range. He can call Duncan "ninnyhammer, flibbertigibbet, slipperslopper tomtom"

and we know its love. He says about dancer Anna Helperin, "She has kept things moving because/ movement has been the business that moved her most," and thereby catches in a reverential way the essence of the person. And for Allen Ginsberg, Broughton echoes respectfully the form of *Howl*, "I have seen the unclothed truths of your generation/ pulling up their pants again," and we hear real homage.

The word play keeps the ear a-tingle. In *Forget-Me-Nots for Alan Watts*, Broughton makes "hots, gavottes, pots, shots, Scots," and ever so many more help explore that brilliant and provocative man. The sounds are often interior and softly musical too, as in this about Ruth Witt-Diamant: "She is to be crowned amid orioles and oracles/ every other Sunday/ She will look lovely in laurel."

Sometimes, the scheme dips into the childlike, as when he says about John Gieling in a *Nonsense Portrait*: "John, John the dachshund man/ caught his fly in an ointment can." But other lines, also very simple, can



James Broughton says, 'Hoopla!' (Photo: R. Pruzan)

achieve the utmost sophistication, as in *Notes for a Keynote Address*: "Esthetics is for birds./ Hardening of the categories causes art disease!"

And though the loose informality of many of the poems suggests carelessness of form sometimes, there are also those works so meticulously ordered that an exquisite jewel emerges, as in *Everything Is Connected* (for Imogen Cunningham's ninetieth birthday), in which Broughton starts with "The egg is in the star" and then blithely links together images of nature and the barnyard and closes with "the chicken is in the henhouse/ and the egg is where you started."

Very little here is explicitly gay. It doesn't matter. Or rather, the matter is the celebration of a family of the wonderfully personal by one of our gay elders who has a consummate talent to dazzle the ear and delight the feelings. Hoopla, indeed! ●

Is Homosexuality a Myth?

Gay Identity: The Self Under Ban by William H. DuBay McFarland & Company, Jefferson, NC 172 pages, hard cover, \$18.95

by Joseph W. Bean

The question sounds simple enough: Are homosexuals fundamentally different from heterosexuals? On the side of the question that says 'yes,' there are writers and thinkers by the dozen, at least. From Edward Carpenter's near-secret manuscripts on the subject to Mark Thompson's current best-seller, *Gay Spirit*, gay men have been arguing for generations that being gay is a different spiritual and psychological condition than being straight. William H. DuBay takes the other side of the argument.

DuBay, a homosexual who fights against being gay-identified, sets his conclusion out as a premise on page one. "The parasite..." he writes, "is the myth of gay identity, the belief that homosexuals are a different kind of person."

The metaphor of the parasite is based on the biology of *Briarosaccus callosus*. Once this parasitic "guest" settles down inside an Alaskan King Crab, it absolutely dominates the crab's life. It subverts the hapless crab's normal instincts, and even causes a gender dis-identification, plus eventual atrophy of the sex organs. In the end, the crab becomes a witless slave of the *Briarosaccus*.

DuBay is proposing that men and women who identify themselves as gays or homosexuals are being similarly invaded by a parasite "that infects our brains" and "establishes control over the manner in which we experience reality."

Then, according to DuBay, homosexuals exist as a separate social and psychological group, and are limited and distorted by

that separation, only because there is a label that they bear and accept.

Among the arguments by which he supports his premise are some extremely convoluted attempts to translate the sociology of Ancient Greece into modern Western Civilization. He cites important and obscure works on anthropology, psychology, sociology, sexuality, and behavior. He extrapolates generalities from personal experience with strange results.

In general, DuBay goes at his subject more with sentences than with sense. But, along the way, he gives the reader more than ample cause to stop and rethink the big questions that are contained in the words "Gay Identity."

While the book is hard to read at points because of its odd, artificially sophisticated language, it is also important that people who are accepting the idea of being different should have an opportunity to hear the arguments against difference. *Gay Spirit* and the other pro-difference books that are available today present their arguments more cogently and more convincingly. Still, in the absence of *Gay Identity* or anything like it, the case is unproven. We can't really feel that we have amply examined the idea that gays are really other than straights in any profound sense.

So, for any person willing to consider the possibility that gay is anything more than a sex-style, *Gay Identity* is a book worth muddling through. You won't enjoy reading it, but you may well enjoy the clearer and more settled ideas you are likely to develop for yourself after reading it. ●

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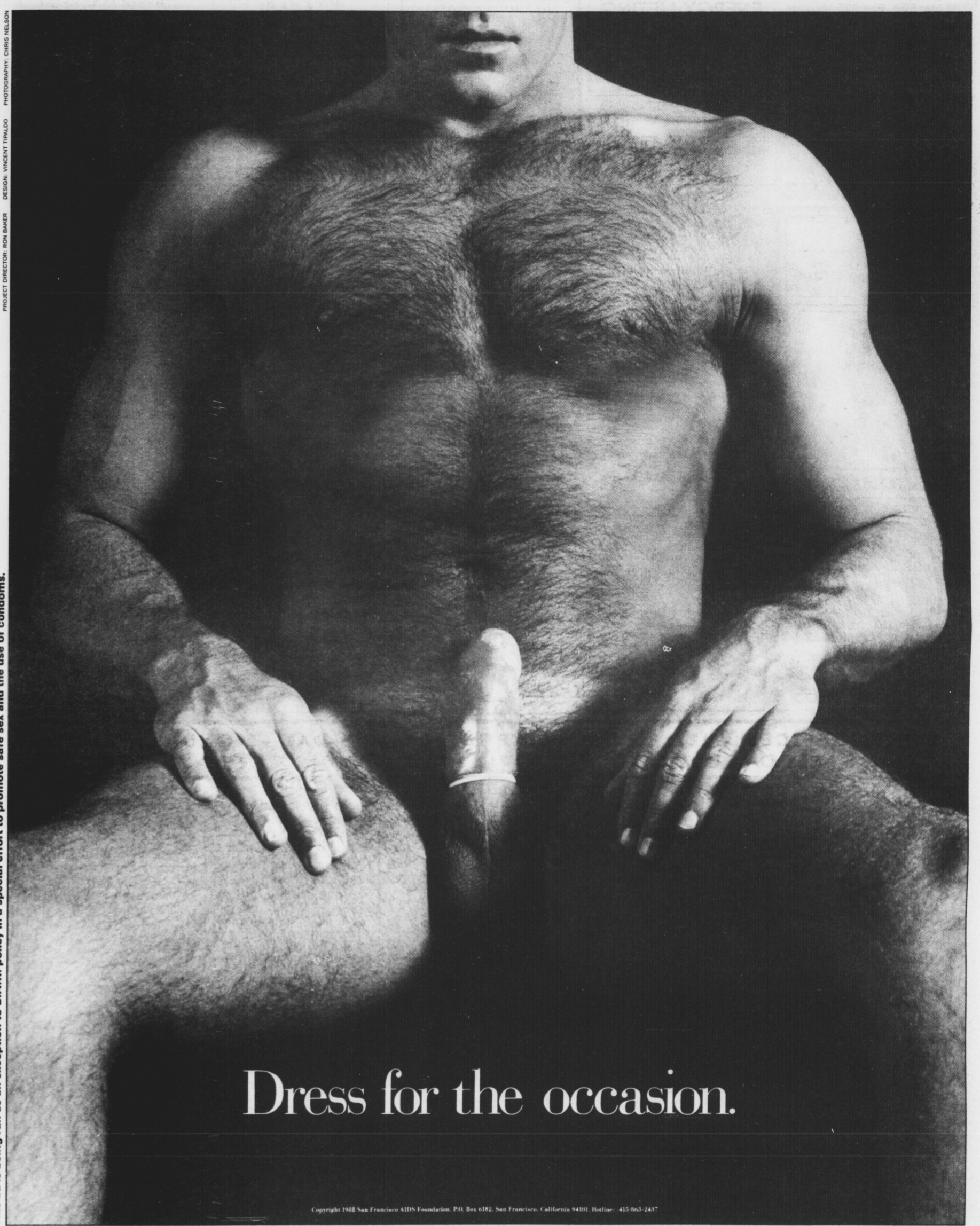
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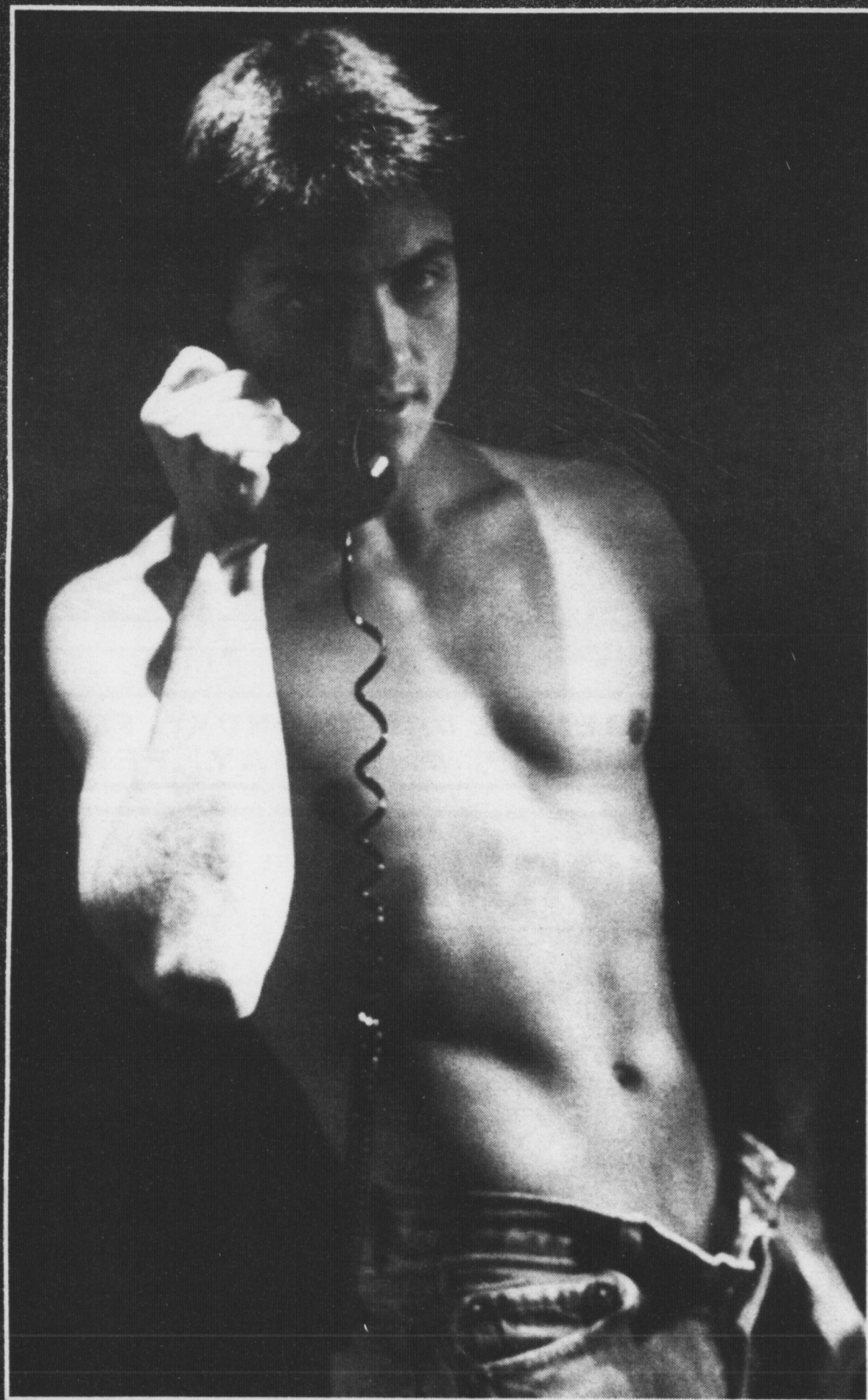
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Army Can't Toss Out Gays, Says Federal Court

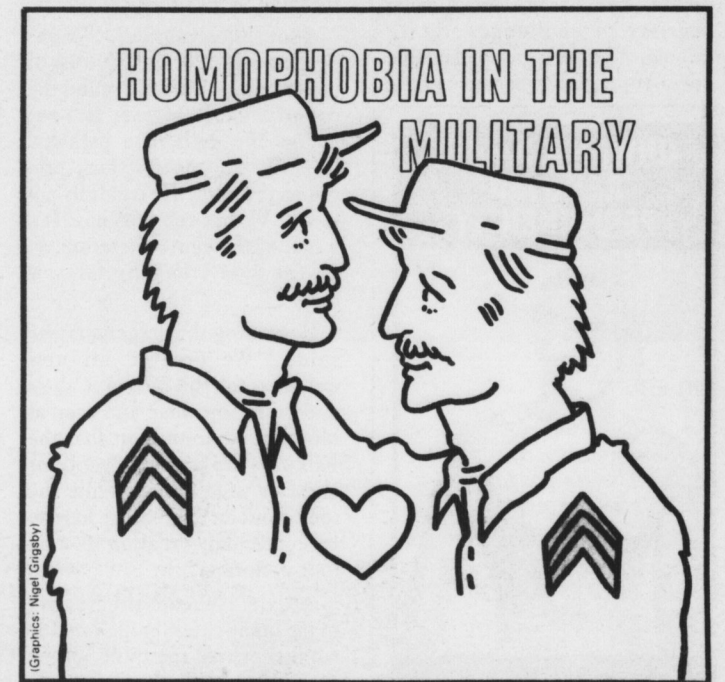
Military Regulations Penalize 'Disfavored Class';
Violates Right To Equal Protection

by Ray O'Loughlin

A three judge panel of the 9th. Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals ruled 2-1 Feb. 10 that the Army could not discharge soldiers solely on the basis of their being gay. The decision sets the stage for another major U.S. Supreme Court battle for gay rights. Though the Pentagon has not yet commented on the ruling, it is expected the Army will appeal to the High Court.

The strongly worded, 60-page ruling repudiated Army regulations discharging individuals solely on the basis of having a homosexual orientation. The court said that that practice resulted in violations of the constitutional right to equality before the law. "If a straight soldier and a gay soldier of the same sex engage in homosexual acts . . . the straight soldier may remain in the Army while the gay soldier is automatically terminated," wrote Judge William Norris in the majority opinion.

(Continued on page 19)



By all accounts *Men Behind Bars IV* was an unparalleled success. For more see Joseph Bean's review on page 29 and Mr. Marcus on page 32. (Photo: R. Pruzan)

Names Quilt Grows To 4000

Three Join Staff for National Tour;
Displays Keyed to Local Areas

by Allen White

Lily Tomlin's former road manager, a past president of the Golden Gate Business Association Foundation, and the Moscone Center's former senior event coordinator have now joined the staff of the Names Project. Preparing for the quilt's national tour, the number of panels topped the 4100 mark last week. Over 350 panels were received from all over the United States over the last weekend. The work now begins to prepare the panels for the tour. Names Project general manager Michael Smith said, "The display in each city will be different because the physical site is different in each city. The quilt that is going to be on tour is too large to ever be seen at once. So for every single display we are working with convention centers in each city fit that space.

Smith also said that several people have been added to the Names Project staff. Cheryl Swannick, Lily Tomlin's former road manager, will coordinate logistics. "It will be my job to pull everything together in a unified fashion so that the quilt has the opportunity to open and do its job, and not get bogged down with bad logistics."

She said, "I am going to be the anchor for the tour at home. I will make sure that all the details are taken care of. I am going to plan the advance work so that it can be done as good as possible. My own experience is that it is very hard to have a crew out there for four months in 20 cities."

Swannick will be working with Sandy O'Rourke. O'Rourke has just resigned as the senior event coordinator at Moscone Center. This past week O'Rourke has been in Philadelphia and other East Coast cities checking the site locations for the tour. She commented that there was a positive reception in each of the cities she visited.

Like Swannick, O'Rourke has extensive experience working with large facilities such as convention halls and centers. Swan-

nick said, "Our real value to the project is that we've been around the block. We know what's possible and what is impossible.

Also joining the staff is Bob Munk, a past president of the Golden Gate Business Association Foundation, who will become the organization's primary fundraiser. Smith said he will be "taking over a lot of the responsibility of raising money, writing grants, corporate fundraising and managing many fundraising events. He will be juggling the whole ball."

Smith said that about \$80,000 of the \$300,000 tour goal has now been raised. He said several corporate grants are still pending and commented that there are fundraisers taking place all over the country. In April the Washington Gay Men's Chorus will be doing a benefit concert in the nation's capital. He also said that several thousand dollars had been raised through the efforts of Marcello's Pizzas.

Scott Lago and Jack Caster, both with the project since its inception, will each be responsible for ten cities on the tour. There will be traveling road crew of

(Continued on page 2)

Suit To Enforce State Labor Code

Designer 'From S.F.' Turned Down;
May Violate State Bias Ban

by Dennis McMillan

"I don't work well with single men from San Francisco, if you know what I mean," stated Los Angeles developer Wayne Siggard of Indian Wells Estates, to Gary Lawe, applicant for an interior designer position at Indian Wells. The ill-chosen words sent Lawe right to the law—the National Gay Rights Advocates, who filed suit recently under state law forbidding employment discrimination.

Lawe, a San Francisco artist with many designer credits to his name, including the late Yul Brynner's home, moved to Los Angeles to further his career. When Lawe inquired over the phone about the job with Indian Wells, Siggard asked about his previous background in San Francisco, especially probing into his marital status.

Upon learning that Lawe was unmarried, Siggard made the remark about single male San Franciscans. However, Lawe pursued his application, going to Siggard's office for a personal interview. He took along two friends, whom he introduced as his associates, to serve as witnesses to Siggard's response.

(Continued on page 2)

Today

End of the Disco Era: Dick Collier sells the Trocadero Transfer to Sanford Kellman, and Allen White has the story on page 3.

This is Justice? Demands for a Justice Dept. official's resignation spurred by his remarks to businessmen on how to avoid the high insurance costs of AIDS. For the story see page 4.

FCC Accused of Aiding Morality Group Complaining About Gay Radio Show: For the story see page 14.

Vicious Spiral: PWA Paul Jaspersion goes to court in discrimination case. For the story see page 17.

Reaching Out: Christian Haren inspires teen AIDS play, and Will Snyder has the story on page 26.